

THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 186.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 24, 1850.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

EVERT A. & GEORGE L. DUYCK-CK, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 157 BROADWAY.

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SEVERAL DAYS IN BERKSHIRE.

(From an "Esteemed Correspondent.")

INTRODUCTORY.

FEELING the weight of brick and mortar somewhat oppressively, at the high point of the thermometer the other day, we determined, on a sudden thought, to reverse the proceedings of Sinbad, and throwing off the load, to become in our own proper person the Young Man of the Mountains of Berkshire. The path to such an achievement is not difficult: step in upon a little platform in Canal Street, and off upon a little platform at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and the thing is done. But a word or two by the way. We must certainly take an observation of New York City as we pass through,—a compliment due, from our constant citizenship. It flies and grows, with house on house, square on square, steeple on steeple, almost as fast as rail cars can run. The speed of its spread is more like that of the shadow of a summer cloud than the slow reality of stone and timber. No stoppages being allowed to the New Haven train, we take a long slide, like a gigantic skater, thirty miles away to Greenwich, the blossom bushes by the roadside flying past like the ocean-foam. Farm houses and red-roofed granaries are mere toys, and we are compelled to shut our eyes to escape the belief that we have let go of all earthly fastenings, and are launched upon infinite space, without an anchor. The country through which we glide is warm and sunny; cattle are in the meadows; dogs and poultry about the doors. The air strengthens: the outline of objects is somewhat harder and bolder; the landscape has a severe look; there are no dogs to be seen by the garden-gates, no flocks nor herds in the wayside fields. We are travelling northward, and with a glorious look-out water-ward at Bridgeport, we skim across the line, and shoot into the valley of the Housatonic. Through the car windows we have a rapid succession of cabinet pictures, with woodland, meadow, fringed streams, and blue mountain-sides. The stations are called rapidly: one only leaves a durable recollection in a half huckleberry pie, devoured with the panting of the locomotive to be away. Night comes on, and we know that we are in the region of the mountain-pine, by the shower of cinders which tumbles from the smoke-pipe, and dances about the wake of the train like so many of Mother Carey's chickens (suggests an ocean fringed) about the track of a ship on the high

seas. We meet a tall gentleman in the cars, whom we remember singing the praises of this Berkshire Valley, in a New York omnibus on a hot day, some half a dozen years ago. He is determined we shall see it aright, and at once arranges an admirable excursion in the neighborhood of the Mountain of the Monument, at an early day. A mysterious feeling, that we are travelling among mountains and along bushy streams by night, creeps upon us. We are constantly straining our eyes, under learned direction of the finger, to catch the top of a distant celebrity, or seize upon a splendid view; but to our fagged city vision, these glories are utterly unattainable, and we sit calmly till Pittsfield is cried, and we are at our chosen terminus.

We tarry over night at the Berkshire Hotel—pay our charges, press-men though we are, like honest men, in the morning, and with an after-breakfast stroll along a village road, our welcomer in Berkshire, a retired Sea-Dog, New Neptune by name, comes down from the mountains, a mile or two away, and trots us up to our Lodgment at a square, old Country House, where we propose to sojourn for a week. It is not necessary to say much of this tenement, except that it stands like a broad-brimmed patriarchal old gentleman in the very heart of the hills, calmly surveying a wide horizon, in the nature of a panorama, "got up" for his especial delight and contemplation. Old Broad-Hall is a glorious fellow, and we could chant his claims and enjoyments through a long summer day—the Benevolence, Beauty, Worth, Wit, Genius—to say nothing of the ancient Family Portraits and a small bottle of tea (reserved by an ancestor of the house) from the dumpage in Boston Harbor. There are fairies, too, in that mountain—say what you will of cold New England, void of imagination—one at least; genuine as any in the old story-books—for we were scarcely arrived, and realizing as we stand forth for a comprehensive view of the region, that it was here that Bryant wrote down his desire as one

"Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills—
Is—that his grave is green;"

when Fairy Belt, the sorceress of the scene, whirled us away in well-provided carriages for an afternoon excursion to Pontusac Lake, some seven miles westward—a gallant ride—over hill and down dale—in the course of which Fairy Belt was on tip-toe on the country-wagon sent at least forty times, calling the attention of us in the rearward coach to all sorts of landscapes, gorges, rills, rivulets, pond-views—and Berkshire heavens without number hid away in the distance. And now we begin to observe that all the roads in that region, in their variety and winding ease, are laid out expressly for pleasure-travel—and not for the ordinary freightage of truck and produce—an infinite change and number of byways and sequestered paths. We have seen sloops, ships, steam-boats, launched in our time—but of all extraordinary launches since Noah's Ark, the embarkation of a fishing-boat on West Lake, hard-by, with the Lady of Kentucky at the helm, was the queerest. The very fish lurking below couldn't bite for laughing in their sleeves. Back to Broad-

Hall: a calm night's rest: a Sunday of delicious beauty, in which we dream all day long of New York, as some ancient and passed-away nightmare—lying under trees—lounging in the door-way—gossiping—and coming through this delightful new experience of country-life, we reach Monday morning—the day appointed for the Mountain of the Monument: a day, as the reader shall see, memorable among all the days of the calendar, but we must pause here for breath, and take a fresh start.

HAWTHORNE AND HIS MOSSES.

BY A VIRGINIAN SPENDING JULY IN VERMONT.

[Concluded from the last number.]

Now I do not say that Nathaniel of Salem is a greater than William of Avon, or as great. But the difference between the two men is by no means immeasurable. Not a very great deal more, and Nathaniel were verily William.

This, too, I mean, that if Shakspeare has not been equalled, give the world time, and he is sure to be surpassed, in one hemisphere or the other. Nor will it at all do to say, that the world is getting grey and grizzled now, and has lost that fresh charm which she wore of old, and by virtue of which the great poets of past times made themselves what we esteem them to be. Not so. The world is as young to-day as when it was created; and this Vermont morning dew is as wet to my feet, as Eden's dew to Adam's. Nor has nature been all over ransacked by our progenitors, so that no new charms and mysteries remain for this latter generation to find. Far from it. The trillionth part has not yet been said; and all that has been said, but multiplies the avenues to what remains to be said. It is not so much paucity as superabundance of material that seems to incapacitate modern authors.

Let America, then, prize and cherish her writers; yea, let her glorify them. They are not so many in number as to exhaust her good-will. And while she has good kith and kin of her own, to take to her bosom, let her not lavish her embraces upon the household of an alien. For believe it or not, England, after all, is in many things an alien to us. China has more bonds of real love for us than she. But even were there no strong literary individualities among us, as there are some dozens at least, nevertheless, let America first praise mediocrity even, in her own children, before she praises (for everywhere, merit demands acknowledgment from every one) the best excellence in the children of any other land. Let her own authors, I say, have the priority of appreciation. I was much pleased with a hot-headed Carolina cousin of mine, who once said,—"If there were no other American to stand by, in literature, why, then, I would stand by Pop Emmons and his 'FREDONIAD,' and till a better epic came along, swear it was not very far behind the Iliad." Take away the words, and in spirit he was sound.

Not that American genius needs patronage in order to expand. For that explosive sort of stuff will expand though screwed up in a vice, and burst it, though it were triple steel. It is for the nation's sake, and not for her authors' sake, that I would have America be heedful of the increasing greatness among her

writers. For how great the shame, if other nations should be before her, in crowning her heroes of the pen! But this is almost the case now. American authors have received more just and discriminating praise (however loftily and ridiculously given, in certain cases) even from some Englishmen, than from their own countrymen. There are hardly five critics in America; and several of them are asleep. As for patronage, it is the American author who now patronizes his country, and not his country him. And if at times some among them appeal to the people for more recognition, it is not always with selfish motives, but patriotic ones.

It is true, that but few of them as yet have evinced that decided originality which merits great praise. But that graceful writer, who perhaps of all Americans has received the most plaudits from his own country for his productions,—that very popular and amiable writer, however good and self-reliant in many things, perhaps owes his chief reputation to the self-acknowledged imitation of a foreign model, and to the studied avoidance of all topics but smooth ones. But it is better to fail in originality, than to succeed in imitation. He who has never failed somewhere, that man cannot be great. Failure is the true test of greatness. And if it be said, that continual success is a proof that a man wisely knows his powers,—it is only to be added, that, in that case, he knows them to be small. Let us believe it, then, once for all, that there is no hope for us in these smooth, pleasing writers that know their powers. Without malice, but to speak the plain fact, they but furnish an appendix to Goldsmith, and other English authors. And we want no American Goldsmiths; nay, we want no American Miltons. It were the vilest thing you could say of a true American author, that he were an American Tompkins. Call him an American and have done, for you cannot say a nobler thing of him. But it is not meant that all American writers should studiously cleave to nationality in their writings; only this, no American writer should write like an Englishman or a Frenchman; let him write like a man, for then he will be sure to write like an American. Let us away with this leaven of literary flunkeyism towards England. If either must play the flunkey in this thing, let England do it, not us. While we are rapidly preparing for that political supremacy among the nations which prophetically awaits us at the close of the present century, in a literary point of view, we are deplorably unprepared for it; and we seem studious to remain so. Hitherto, reasons might have existed why this should be; but no good reason exists now. And all that is requisite to amendment in this matter, is simply this: that while fully acknowledging all excellence everywhere, we should refrain from unduly lauding foreign writers, and, at the same time, duly recognise the meritorious writers that are our own;—those writers who breathe that unshackled, democratic spirit of Christianity in all things, which now takes the practical lead in this world, though at the same time led by ourselves—us Americans. Let us boldly condemn all imitation, though it comes to us graceful and fragrant as the morning; and foster all originality, though at first it be crabbed and ugly as our own pine knots. And if any of our authors fail, or seem to fail, then, in the words of my Carolina cousin, let us clap him on the shoulder, and back him against all Europe for his second round. The truth is, that in one point of view, this matter of a national literature has come to such a pass with us, that in some sense we must turn bul-

lies, else the day is lost, or superiority so far beyond us, that we can hardly say it will ever be ours.

And now, my countrymen, as an excellent author of your own flesh and blood,—an unimitating, and, perhaps, in his way, an inimitable man—whom better can I commend to you, in the first place, than Nathaniel Hawthorne. He is one of the new, and far better generation of your writers. The smell of your beeches and hemlocks is upon him; your own broad prairies are in his soul; and if you travel away inland into his deep and noble nature, you will hear the far roar of his Niagara. Give not over to future generations the glad duty of acknowledging him for what he is. Take that joy to yourself, in your own generation; and so shall he feel those grateful impulses on him, that may possibly prompt him to the full flower of some still greater achievement in your eyes. And by confessing him you thereby confess others; you brace the whole brotherhood. For genius, all over the world, stands hand in hand, and one shock of recognition runs the whole circle round.

In treating of Hawthorne, or rather of Hawthorne in his writings (for I never saw the man; and in the chances of a quiet plantation life, remote from his haunts, perhaps never shall); in treating of his works, I say, I have thus far omitted all mention of his "Twice told Tales," and "Scarlet Letter." Both are excellent, but full of such manifold, strange, and diffusive beauties, that time would all but fail me to point the half of them out. But there are things in those two books, which, had they been written in England a century ago, Nathaniel Hawthorne had utterly displaced many of the bright names we now revere on authority. But I am content to leave Hawthorne to himself, and to the infallible finding of posterity; and however great may be the praise I have bestowed upon him, I feel that in so doing I have more served and honored myself, than him. For, at bottom, great excellence is praise enough to itself; but the feeling of a sincere and appreciative love and admiration towards it, this is relieved by utterance; and warm, honest praise, ever leaves a pleasant flavor in the mouth; and it is an honorable thing to confess to what is honorable in others.

But I cannot leave my subject yet. No man can read a fine author, and relish him to his very bones while he reads, without subsequently fancying to himself some ideal image of the man and his mind. And if you rightly look for it, you will almost always find that the author himself has somewhere furnished you with his own picture. For poets (whether in prose or verse), being painters of nature, are like their brethren of the pencil, the true portrait-painters, who, in the multitude of likenesses to be sketched, do not invariably omit their own; and in all high instances, they paint them without any vanity, though at times with a lurking something that would take several pages to properly define.

I submit it, then, to those best acquainted with the man personally, whether the following is not Nathaniel Hawthorne;—and to himself, whether something involved in it does not express the temper of his mind,—that lasting temper of all true, candid men—a seeker, not a finder yet:—

"A man now entered, in neglected attire, with the aspect of a thinker, but somewhat too rough-hewn and brawny for a scholar. His face was full of sturdy vigor, with some finer and keener attribute beneath; though harsh at first, it was tempered with the glow of a large, warm heart,

which had force enough to heat his powerful intellect through and through. He advanced to the Intelligencer, and looked at him with a glance of such stern sincerity, that perhaps few secrets were beyond its scope.

"I seek for Truth," said he."

Twenty-four hours have elapsed since writing the foregoing. I have just returned from the hay-mow, charged more and more with love and admiration of Hawthorne. For I have just been gleaning through the Mosses, picking up many things here and there that had previously escaped me. And I found that but to glean after this man, is better than to be in at the harvest of others. To be frank (though, perhaps, rather foolish) notwithstanding what I wrote yesterday of these Mosses, I had not then culled them all; but had, nevertheless, been sufficiently sensible of the subtle essence in them, as to write as I did. To what infinite height of loving wonder and admiration I may yet be borne, when by repeatedly banqueting on these Mosses I shall have thoroughly incorporated their whole stuff into my being,—that, I cannot tell. But already I feel that this Hawthorne has dropped germinous seeds into my soul. He expands and deepens down, the more I contemplate him; and further and further, shoots his strong New England roots into the hot soil in my Southern soul.

By careful reference to the "Table of Contents," I now find that I have gone through all the sketches; but that when I yesterday wrote, I had not at all read two particular pieces, to which I now desire to call special attention,—*"A Select Party,"* and *"Young Goodman Brown."* Here, be it said to all those whom this poor fugitive scrawl of mine may tempt to the perusal of the "Mosses," that they must on no account suffer themselves to be trifled with, disappointed, or deceived by the triviality of many of the titles to these sketches. For in more than one instance, the title utterly belies the piece. It is as if rustic demijohns containing the very best and costliest of Falernian and Tokay, were labelled "*Cider," "Perry,"* and "*Elder-berry wine."* The truth seems to be, that like many other geniuses, this Man of Mosses takes great delight in hoodwinking the world,—at least, with respect to himself. Personally, I doubt not that he rather prefers to be generally esteemed but a so-so sort of author; being willing to reserve the thorough and acute appreciation of what he is, to that party most qualified to judge—that is, to himself. Besides, at the bottom of their natures, men like Hawthorne, in many things, deem the plaudits of the public such strong presumptive evidence of mediocrity in the object of them, that it would in some degree render them doubtful of their own powers, did they hear much and vociferous braying concerning them in the public pastures. True, I have been braying myself (if you please to be witty enough to have it so), but then I claim to be the first that has so brayed in this particular matter; and therefore, while pleading guilty to the charge, still claim all the merit due to originality.

But with whatever motive, playful or profound, Nathaniel Hawthorne has chosen to entitle his pieces in the manner he has, it is certain that some of them are directly calculated to deceive—egregiously deceive, the superficial skimmer of pages. To be downright and candid once more, let me cheerfully say, that two of these titles did dolefully dupe no less an eager-eyed reader than myself; and that, too, after I had been impressed with a sense of the great depth and breadth of this American

man. "Who in the name of thunder" (as the country-people say in this neighborhood), "who in the name of thunder, would anticipate any marvel in a piece entitled 'Young Goodman Brown?'" You would of course suppose that it was a simple little tale, intended as a supplement to "Goody Two Shoes." Whereas, it is deep as Dante; nor can you finish it, without addressing the author in his own words—"It is yours to penetrate, in every bosom, the deep mystery of sin." And with Young Goodman, too, in allegorical pursuit of his Puritan wife, you cry out in your anguish:

"Faith!" shouted Goodman Brown, in a voice of agony and desperation; and the echoes of the forest mocked him, crying—"Faith! Faith!" as if bewildered wretches were seeking her all through the wilderness."

Now this same piece, entitled "Young Goodman Brown," is one of the two that I had not all read yesterday; and I allude to it now, because it is, in itself, such a strong positive illustration of that blackness in Hawthorne, which I had assumed from the mere occasional shadows of it, as revealed in several of the other sketches. But had I previously perused "Young Goodman Brown," I should have been at no pains to draw the conclusion, which I came to at a time when I was ignorant that the book contained one such direct and unqualified manifestation of it.

The other piece of the two referred to, is entitled "A Select Party," which, in my first simplicity upon originally taking hold of the book, I fancied must treat of some pumpkin-pie party in old Salem, or some chowder-party on Cape Cod. Whereas, by all the gods of Peedee, it is the sweetest and sublimest thing that has been written since Spenser wrote. Nay, there is nothing in Spenser that surpasses it, perhaps nothing that equals it. And the test is this: read any canto in "The Faery Queen," and then read "A Select Party," and decide which pleases you most,—that is, if you are qualified to judge. Do not be frightened at this; for when Spenser was alive, he was thought of very much as Hawthorne is now,—was generally accounted just such a "gentle" harmless man. It may be, that to common eyes, the sublimity of Hawthorne seems lost in his sweetness,—as perhaps in that same "Select Party" of his; for whom he has builded so august a dome of sunset clouds, and served them on richer plate than Belshazzar when he banqueted his lords in Babylon.

But my chief business now, is to point out a particular page in this piece, having reference to an honored guest, who under the name of "The Master Genius," but in the guise of a young man of poor attire, with no insignia of rank or acknowledged eminence, is introduced to the man of Faney, who is the giver of the feast. Now, the page having reference to this "Master Genius," so happily expresses much of what I yesterday wrote, touching the coming of the literary Shiloh of America, that I cannot but be charmed by the coincidence; especially, when it shows such a parity of ideas, at least in this one point, between a man like Hawthorne and a man like me.

And here, let me throw out another conceit of mine touching this American Shiloh, or "Master Genius," as Hawthorne calls him. May it not be, that this commanding mind has not been, is not, and never will be, individually developed in any one man? And would it, indeed, appear so unreasonable to suppose, that this great fulness and overflowing may be, or may be destined to be, shared by a plurality of men of genius? Surely, to take the

very greatest example on record, Shakspeare cannot be regarded as in himself the concretion of all the genius of his time; nor as so immeasurably beyond Marlow, Webster, Ford, Beaumont, Jonson, that these great men can be said to share none of his power? For one, I conceive that there were dramatists in Elizabeth's day, between whom and Shakspeare the distance was by no means great. Let any one, hitherto little acquainted with those neglected old authors, for the first time read them thoroughly, or even read Charles Lamb's Specimens of them, and he will be amazed at the wondrous ability of those Anakas of men, and shocked at this renewed example of the fact, that Fortune has more to do with fame than merit,—though, without merit, lasting fame there can be none.

Nevertheless, it would argue too ill of my country were this maxim to hold good concerning Nathaniel Hawthorne, a man, who already, in some few minds, has shed "such a light, as never illuminates the earth save when a great heart burns as the household fire of a grand intellect."

The words are his,—"in the Select Party;" and they are a magnificent setting to a coincident sentiment of my own, but ramblingly expressed yesterday, in reference to himself. Gainsay it who will, as I now write, I am Posterity speaking by proxy—and after times will make it more than good, when I declare, that the American, who up to the present day has evinced, in literature, the largest brain with the largest heart, that man is Nathaniel Hawthorne. Moreover, that whatever Nathaniel Hawthorne may hereafter write, "The Mosses from an Old Manse" will be ultimately accounted his master-piece. For there is a sure, though a secret sign in some works which proves the culmination of the powers (only the developable ones, however) that produced them. But I am by no means desirous of the glory of a prophet. I pray Heaven that Hawthorne may yet prove me an impostor in this prediction. Especially, as I somehow cling to the strange fancy, that, in all men, hiddenly reside certain wondrous, occult properties—as in some plants and minerals—which by some happy but very rare accident (as bronze was discovered by the melting of the iron and brass at the burning of Corinth) may chance to be called forth here on earth; not entirely waiting for their better discovery in the more congenial, blessed atmosphere of heaven.

Once more—for it is hard to be finite upon an infinite subject, and all subjects are infinite. By some people this entire scrawl of mine may be esteemed altogether unnecessary, inasmuch "as years ago" (they may say) "we found out the rich and rare stuff in this Hawthorne, whom you now parade forth, as if only yourself were the discoverer of this Portuguese diamond in our literature." But even granting all this—and adding to it, the assumption that the books of Hawthorne have sold by the five thousand,—what does that signify? They should be sold by the hundred thousand; and read by the million; and admired by every one who is capable of admiration.

TRUTH considered in itself, and in the effects natural to it, may be conceived as a gentle spring or water-source, warm from the genial earth, and breathing up into the snowdrift that is piled over and around its outlet. It turns the obstacle into its own form and character, and as it makes its way increases its stream. And should it be arrested in its course by a chilling season, it suffers delay, not loss, and waits only for a change in the wind to awaken and again roll onwards.—Coleridge.

REVIEWS.

THE WORKS OF MONTAIGNE.

The Works of Michael De Montaigne; comprising his Essays, Letters, and Journey through Germany and Italy. With Notes from all the Commentators, Biographical and Bibliographical Notices, &c., &c. By William Hazlitt. Phila.: J. W. Moore.

POPULAR judgment, and the testimony of critics, have long ago given a high and secure place in literature to the writings of Montaigne; and even in this day of books, they deserve to be in every library. Were we to say much in his praise, we should have to repeat the very judicious remarks from Hazlitt, Hallam, and the Retrospective and Westminster Reviews, appended to this very convenient edition. Our own judgment of him would not much differ. A man of wonderfully cheerful and serene temperament was he, little clouded with passion or prejudice, and hence his opinions are safe and healthy. Having a natural horror of vice, and heart unbiassed by avarice or ambition, with a judgment seldom at variance with his feelings, loving, as every healthy moral nature will do, the religious system in which he was reared, yet not blind to some of its follies, his own aim was to go through life peacefully and contentedly, and to extract what cheerful philosophy he could for the comfort of others. Indisposed, if not inadequate to profound abstract thought, by a constitutional indolence, his opinions are rather inductions and intuitions than deductions. Hence he is an author good to be studied by minds of a more logical character,—than which, there is no class more likely to be biassed away from the truth. For men who work their intellects incessantly are likely to miss many things which come into the minds of those who are more passive under the spontaneous exercise of their faculties. The greatest men whom the world has seen, who are the true guides of the race, are those who have united great discursive power to a calm watchfulness for intuitions, and extreme development of imagination. And while purely logical minds are those who carry science on in its progress towards truth, they are by no means as safe, whence to derive practical principles, as those which are not thus always pursuing one direction; but wait, serenely to drink in the revelations from the outer and inner worlds; if such a mind is united to a right heart, it will interpret itself, nature, and life rightly. Such a mind was Montaigne's; and while he cannot be placed in the rank with those whose appearances have been the true great events in the world's history, who have been implicitly followed by crowds of those who must have somebody, or something, implicitly to follow, he is one whose writings may safely be thrown into the world as full of sound and healthy judgments. Seldom, too, will readers be instructed more entertainingly. They will find an infinity of anecdotes from contemporary, and ancient, and remote sources, illustrating every subject. And those who do not habitually read ancient classic authors, and yet would get a notion with what sort of matter they are filled, will find their curiosity amply satisfied in Montaigne. This is not the least of the merits of the book for many readers,—that they may have without trouble a bird's-eye view of ancient life, philosophy, and manners; for Montaigne, being a pioneer in his country's literature, was familiar with such authors, as few or none are now.

As an illustration of Montaigne's cheerful temperament in life, and of the likelihood of

his imparting it to others, let us hear him on the gravest of subjects, death:—

"In the company of ladies, and in the height of mirth, some have perhaps thought me possessed with some jealousy, or meditating upon the uncertainty of some imagined hope, while I was only entertaining myself with the remembrance of some one surprised a few days before with a burning fever, of which he died, returning from an entertainment like this, with his head full of idle fancies of love and jollity, as mine was then; and that, for aught I knew, the same destiny was attending me. Yet did not this thought wrinkle my forehead any more than any other. No doubt it is impossible, but we must feel a sting in such imaginations as these at first; but with often revolving them in a man's mind, and having them frequent in our thoughts, they at last become so familiar as to be no trouble at all.

"A friend of mine the other day, turning over my table-book, found in it a memorandum of something I would have done after my decease, whereupon I told him, as was really true, that, though I was no more than a league's distance from my own house, and merry and well, yet when that thing came into my head I made haste to write it down then, because I was not certain to live till I came home. As a man that am eternally brooding over my own thoughts, and who confine them to my own particular concerns, I am at all hours as well prepared as I am ever like to be; and death, whenever he shall come, can bring nothing along with him I did not expect long before. We should always (as near as we can) be booted and spurred, and ready to go, and above all things take care at that time to have no business with any one but one's self. One complains, more than of death, that he is thereby prevented of a glorious victory; another that he must die before he has married his daughter, or settled and educated his children; a third seems only troubled that he must lose the society of his wife; a fourth the conversation of his son, as the principal concerns of his being. I saw one die, who, at his last gasp, seemed to be concerned at nothing so much as that destiny was about to cut the thread of a history he was then compiling, when he was got no further than the fifteenth or sixteenth of our kings. For my part I am, thanks be to God, at this instant in such a condition that I am ready to dislodge, whenever it shall please him, without any manner of regret. . . . What a ridiculous thing it is to trouble and afflict ourselves about taking the only step that is to deliver us from all misery and trouble. Therefore to lament, and take on so that we shall not be alive a hundred years hence, is the same folly as to be sorry we were not alive a hundred years ago. Live as long as you can, you shall by that nothing shorten the time that you are to live dead. . . . I do verily believe that it is those terrible ceremonies and preparations wherewith we set it out, that more terrify us than the thing itself. An entirely new way of living, the cries of mothers, wives, and children, the visits of astonished and afflicted friends, the attendance of pale and blubbering servants, a dark room set round with burning tapers, our beds environed with physicians and divines; in short, nothing but ghastliness and horror about us, render it so formidable that a man almost fancies himself dead and buried already."

And yet this man lived religiously in the fear of death, and lamented his life-long the death of his friend. Nothing, perhaps, in his life disposes us more in his favor than his high ideal of friendship, and his own realization of it. This is a subject on which few men are fitted to write, as few men have had experience of it, that is, in that kind which is far exalted above all ordinary attachments. We will be convinced of this in listening to Montaigne:—

"If any one should importune me to give a reason why I loved him, I feel it could no other-

wise be expressed than by making answer, 'Because it was he: because it was I.' There is beyond what I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and inevitable power that brought on this union. . . . 'Tis I know not what, which, seizing my whole will, carried it to plunge and lose itself in his; and that, having seized his whole will, brought it with equal concurrence and appetite to plunge and lose itself in mine. . . . Our souls have drawn so unitedly together, and we have with so mutual a confidence laid open the very bottom of our hearts to one another's view, that I not only know his as well as my own, but should certainly, in any concern of mind, have trusted my interest much more willingly with him than with myself. Let no one, therefore, rank common friendship with such an one as this. I have had as much experience of these as another, and of the most perfect of their kind, but I do not advise that any should confound the rules of the one and the other. In ordinary friendships you must walk bridle in hand with prudence and circumspection, for in them the knot is not so seen that a man may freely depend upon its not slipping. 'Love him,' said Milo, 'so as if you were one day to hate him; and hate him so as if you were one day to love him.' A precept, that though abominable in the sovereign and perfect friendship which I speak of, is yet very sound as to ordinary cases. . . . All things, wills, thoughts, opinions, goods, children, honor, and life, being in that perfect friendship, common betwixt them, and they can neither lend nor give anything to one another. . . . Eudamidas, a Corinthian, had two friends, Charixenus, a Lycian, and Antheus, a Corinthian; this man, coming to die, being poor, and his two friends being rich, he made his will after this manner:—I bequeathe to Antheus the maintenance of my mother, to support and provide for her in her old age; and to Charixenus I bequeathe the care of marrying my daughter, and to give her as good a portion as he is able; and in case one of these chances to die, I hereby substitute the survivor in his place.' They who first saw this will made themselves very merry at the contents; but the heirs being made acquainted with it, accepted the legacies with very great content; and one of them, Charixenus, dying within five days after, and Antheus having thus the charge of both devolved solely to him, he nourished the old woman with very great care and tenderness, and of five talents he had gave two and a half in marriage with an only daughter he had of his own, and two and a half in marriage with the daughter of Eudamidas. . . . Thus you see Eudamidas, as a bounty and favor, bequeathes to his friends a legacy of employing themselves in his service; he leaves them to this liberality of his, which consists in giving them the opportunity of conferring a benefit upon him; and doubtless, the force of friendship is more apparent in that act of his than in that of Antheus.

"The fire of love is more active, more eager, and more sharp; but withal, 'tis more precipitous, fickle, moving, and inconstant; a fever subject to intermission and paroxysms, that has hold but on one part of us; whereas, in friendship, 'tis a general and universal fire, but temperate and equal, a constant and steady heat, all easy and smooth, without poignancy or roughness. Moreover, in love, 'tis no other than a frantic desire for that which flies from us; so soon as ever it enters into the terms of friendship, that is to say, into a concurrence of desires, it vanishes and is gone. Friendship, on the contrary, is enjoyed proportionably as it is desired, and only grows up, is nourished, and improves by enjoyment, as being spiritual, and the soul growing still more perfect by use. . . . To say truth, the ordinary talent of women is not such as is sufficient to maintain the conference and communication required to the support of this sacred tie; nor do they appear to be endued with firmness of mind to endure the constraint of so hard and durable a knot."

It is not to be wondered at that such high

friendship as this is rare; as selfishness, and all natural inclinations and instincts which go to commend and sustain all other affections, are at war with it, and it is upheld by simple strength of will, and is purely a spiritual tie.

But by these, our extracts, we give our readers very little idea of the general liveliness of these essays of Montaigne. We have sought rather to win their confidence in the goodness of his heart, and his shrewd common sense, that they may go more willingly to the entertainment of which we assure them his works are full. His tour through Germany and Italy is very diverting, as much or more so than many of our modern tours; and though we might give interesting extracts, we will defer to the appetite of the age which looks for "the latest news."

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.
Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. Part IV. Harpers.

[FIFTH PAPER.]

IN 1813 Southey was inducted into the Laureateship. Though an honorary appointment, it still tasted of some of the old penalties of official life. It had to be approached through the avenues of courtiers and solemn dignitaries; and a stipulation made by Southey, and afterwards prudently enforced by Wordsworth, that the poetical duties were only to be exercised on fit occasion, at the will of the poet, was unattended to. His ardent patriotism and anti-Gallic feeling had to be tempered on his first *Carmen Triumphale*, by his parliamentary friend, Rickman. The poet was expected to be one half politician. This, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, is his account of his

INDUCTION TO THE LAUREATESHIP.

"Going one day into town to my brother's, I found that Lord William Gordon, with whom I had left a card on my first arrival, had called three times on me in as many days, and had that morning requested that I would call on him at eleven, twelve, one, or two o'clock. I went accordingly, never dreaming of what this business could be, and wondering at it. He told me that the Marquis of Hertford was his brother-in-law, and had written to him, as being my neighbor in the country—placing, in fact, the appointment at his (Lord William's) disposal, wherefore he wished to see me to know if I wished to have it. The meaning of all this was easily seen; I was very willing to thank one person more, and especially a good-natured man, to whom I am indebted for many neighborly civilities. He assured me that I should now soon hear from the chamberlain's office, and I departed accordingly, in full expectation that two or three days more would settle the affair. But neither days nor weeks brought any further intelligence; and if plenty of employments and avocations had not filled up my mind as well as my time, I should perhaps have taken dudgeon, and returned to my family and pursuits, from which I had so long been absent.

"At length, after sundry ineffectual attempts, owing sometimes to his absence, and once or twice to public business, I saw Croker once more, and he discovered for me that the delay originated in a desire of Lord Hertford's that Lord Liverpool should write to him, and ask the office for me. This calling in the prime minister about the disposal of an office, the net emoluments of which are about £90 a year, reminded me of the old proverb about shearing pigs. Lord Liverpool, however, was informed of this by Croker; the letter was written, and in the course of another week Lord Hertford wrote to Croker that he would give orders for making out the appointment. A letter soon followed to say that the order was given, and that I might be sworn in whenever I pleased. My pleasure, however, was the last thing to be consulted. After due

inquiry on my part, and some additional delays, I received a note to say that if I would attend at the chamberlain's office at one o'clock on Thursday, November 4, a gentleman usher would be there to administer the oath. Now it so happened that I was engaged to go to Woburn on the Tuesday, meaning to return on Thursday to dinner, or remain a day longer, as I might feel disposed. Down I went to the office, and solicited a change in the day, but this was in vain; the gentleman usher had been spoken to, and a poet laureate is a creature of a lower description. I obtained, however, two hours' grace; and yesterday, by rising by candle-light and hurrying the post-boys, reached the office to the minute. I swore to be a faithful servant to the king, to reveal all treasons which might come to my knowledge, to discharge the duties of my office, and to obey the lord chamberlain in all matters of the king's service, and in his stead the vice-chamberlain. Having taken this upon my soul, I was thereby inducted into all the rights, privileges, and benefits which Henry James Pye, Esq., did enjoy, or ought to have enjoyed.

"The original salary of the office was 100 marks. It was raised for Ben Jonson to £100 and a tierce of Spanish canary wine, now wickedly commuted for £26; which said sum, unlike the Canary, is subject to income-tax, land-tax, and heaven knows what taxes besides. The whole net income is little more or less than £90. It comes to me as a God-send, and I have vested it in a life-policy: by making it up £102, it covers an insurance for £3,000 upon my own life."

At the present moment the office is again the subject of discussion. No one, we believe, unless Leigh Hunt, who could write because Chaucer and Ben Jonson did, for the sympathies of the thing, thinks at all of the verses. The friends of several expectants look to the hundred pounds—a small sum, but a very appreciable part of the little which Great Britain magnanimously bestows upon her children of genius. Tennyson has been spoken of; but he has a pension already. The *Athenæum* ingeniously suggests Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, not merely as a gracious act to a most illustrious female subject on the part of the Queen, but as a convenient mode of assisting two poets at once—herself and her husband. A notable fact, this, in that land of pensions!

Among the historic memorabilia of these letters, are those passages which preserve the state of feeling in the interior of England, of which Southey was a participant and observer, with regard to Napoleon and his invasion of England. He seems to have created a very definite impression of terror; which only the freedom and confessional of the letter would be likely to preserve to us. Again, witness the chagrin, seldom so naively acknowledged, attendant upon the American naval victories of 1813. Southey writes to his friend Grosvenor, May 26. The opening allusion is to his brother Thomas, the naval lieutenant.

HOW BRITAIN LOST HER SHIPS.

"Tom is made quite unhappy by these repeated victories of the Americans; and for my own part, I regard them with the deepest and gloomiest forebodings. The superior weight of metal will not account for all. I heard a day or two ago from a Liverpoolian, lately in America, that they stuff their wadding with bullets. This may kill a few more men, but will not explain how it is that our ships are so soon demolished, not merely disabled. Wordsworth and I agreed in suspecting some improvement in gunnery (Fulton is likely enough to have discovered something) before I saw the same supposition thrown out in the 'Times.' Still there would remain something more alarming to be resolved, and that is, how it happens that we injure them so little?

I very much fear that there may be a dreadful secret at the bottom, which your fact about the cartridges* of the Macedonian points at. Do you know, or does Henry know, a belief in the navy which I heard from Ponsonby, that the crew of the ——— loaded purposely in this manner, in order that by being made prisoners they might be delivered from ———'s tyranny? When Coleridge was at Malta, Sir A. Ball received a round-robin from ———'s crew, many of whom had served under him, and who addressed him in a manner which made his heart ache, as he was, of course, compelled to put the paper into ———'s hands. One day Coleridge was with him when this man's name was announced, and turning, he said to him in a low voice, 'Here comes one of those men who will one day blow up the British navy.'

"I do not know that the captain of the Macedonian was a tyrant. Peake certainly was not; he is well known here, having married a cousin of Wordsworth's; his ship was in perfect order, and he as brave and able a man as any in the service. Here it seems that the men behaved well; but in ten minutes the ship was literally knocked to pieces, her sides fairly staved in; and I think this can only be explained by some improvements in the manufactory of powder, or in the manner of loading, &c. But as a general fact, and of tremendous application, I verily believe that the sailors prefer the enemy's service to our own. It is in vain to treat the matter lightly, or seek to conceal from ourselves the extent of the evil. Our naval superiority is destroyed!"

The patriotic relief from belief in the American prowess to the charge of treason upon the men, is at least singular. He confesses, too, to but little knowledge of naval discipline.

Some curiosity was felt as to the treatment of "Wat Tyler," by the poet's biographer; but there was little difficulty, and that little is effectually removed by Southey himself, whose letter to Longman, of Feb. 15, 1817, satisfactorily explains the matter in a candid way. The straightforward account is the easiest and safest always; nor is Southey the man to be taken at a disadvantage by any breach of honesty. This is his vindication:

THE PUBLICATION OF WAT TYLER.

"There is, unluckily, a very sufficient reason for not disclaiming Wat Tyler—which is, that I wrote it three-and-twenty years ago.

"It was the work, or rather the sport, of a week in the summer of 1794. Poor Lovel took it to London, and put it into Ridgeway's hands, who was then in Newgate. Some weeks afterward I went to London, and saw Ridgeway about it; Symonds was with him, and they agreed to publish it (I believe, or rather I am sure, the publication was to have been anonymous), and what remuneration I was to have was left to themselves, as dependent upon the sale. This was the substance of our conversation, for nothing but words passed between us. From that time to the present I never heard of the work: they, of course, upon better judgment, thought it better left alone; and I, with the carelessness of a man who has never thought of consequences, made no inquiry for the manuscript. How it has got to the press, or by whose means, I know not.

"The motive for publication is sufficiently plain. But the editor, whoever he may be, has very much mistaken his man. In those times and at that age, and in the circumstances wherein I was placed, it was just as natural that I should be a Republican,

* "H. Sharp is just arrived from Lisbon. He has been in America, where he went on board the Macedonian and the United States. He says the captured ship was pierced through and through, and full of shot, while in the American vessel scarcely any have been lodged. Our ship seems to have been very badly fought; the captors declared that they found many of the guns with the cartridges put in the wrong way."—G. C. B. to R. S. May 24, 1813."

and as proper, as that now, with the same feelings, the same principles, and the same integrity, when three-and-twenty years have added so much to the experience of mankind, as well as matured my own individual intellect, I should think revolution the greatest of all calamities, and believe that the best way of ameliorating the condition of the people is through the established institutions of the country.

"The booksellers must be disreputable men, or they would not have published a work under such circumstances. I just feel sufficient anger to wish that they may be prosecuted for sedition."

The History of Brazil was the great literary labor of the middle period of Southey's career. It is a book of which the labor was great, sustained only by his unabated enthusiasm, and of which the reward still remains, after his death, distant. The work, enriched with every grace of his style, and finest perception of his heart and intellect, is yet in cumbrous quarto, on the back shelves of public libraries. It is waiting, with its stories of priests and Indians, its European conquerors, its battle pieces and tropical landscape, to be overtaken by the march of Anglo-Saxon civilization. When the northern vigor of this Continent has descended to dwell in the fertile regions of Brazil, Southey's history will become a household book, he himself be revered as, what his genius anticipated, the Herodotus of the country. These were his reflections, in a letter to his friend Chauncey H. Townsend, on the completion of the work:

SOUTHEY, THE HERODOTUS OF BRAZIL.

"The third and last volume of my *Opus Majus* will be published in two or three weeks; they are printing the index. What effect will it produce? It may tend to sober the anticipations of a young author to hear the faithful anticipations of an experienced one. None that will be heard of. It will move quietly from the publishers to a certain number of reading societies, and a certain number of private libraries; enough between them to pay the expenses of the publication. Some twenty persons in England, and some half dozen in Portugal and Brazil, will peruse it with avidity and delight. Some fifty, perhaps, will buy the book because of the subject, and ask one another if they have had time to look into it. A few of those who know me will wish that I had employed the time which it has cost in writing poems; and some of those who do not know me will marvel that in the ripe season of my mind, in the summer of reputation, I should have bestowed so large a portion of life upon a work which could not possibly become either popular or profitable. And is this all? No, Chauncey Townsend, it is not all; and I should deal insincerely with you if I did not add, that ages hence it will be found among those works which are not destined to perish, and secure for me a remembrance in other countries as well as in my own; that it will be read in the heart of S. America, and communicate to the Brazilians, when they shall have become a powerful nation, much of their own history which would otherwise have perished, and be to them what the work of Herodotus is to Europe."

This passage from a London letter, when he was on one of his few hasty visits to the metropolis and entertained as a lion, written to his wife in the country, is remarkable for its prompt, kindly appreciation of Lord Byron. It is a rebuke to satirists. If literary foes could be brought together, the greater amount of geniality than of hate in their composition, would soon dissipate personal enmity.

SOUTHEY MEETS BYRON.

"Tuesday night, Sept. 28, 1813.

"MY DEAR EDITH,

"I have stolen away from a room full of people, that I might spend an hour in writing to you instead of wasting it at the card-table. Sunday I went by appointment to Lord William

Gordon, who wanted to take me to see a young lady. Who should this prove to be but Miss Booth, the very actress whom we saw at Liverpool play so sweetly in Kotzebue's comedy of the Birth-day. There was I taken to hear her recite Mary, the Maid of the Inn! and if I had not interfered in aid of her own better sense, Lord W. and her mother and sisters would have made her act as well as recite it. As I know you defy the monster, I may venture to say that she is a sweet little girl, though a little spoiled by circumstances which would injure anybody; but what think you of this old lord asking permission for me to repeat my visit, and urging me to 'take her under my protection,' and show her what to recite, and instruct her how to recite it? And all this upon a Sunday! So I shall give her a book, and tell her what parts she should choose to appear in. And if she goes again to Edinburgh, be civil to her if she touches at the Lakes; she supports a mother and brother, and two or three sisters. When I returned to Queen Anne street from the visit, I found Davy sitting with the doctor, and awaiting my return. I could not dine with him to-morrow, having an engagement, but we promised to go in the evening and take Coleridge with us, and Elmsley, if they would go. It will be a party of lions, where the doctor must for that evening perform the part of Daniel in the lion's den.

"I dined on Sunday at Holland House, with some eighteen or twenty persons. Sharp was there, who introduced me with all due form to Rogers and to Sir James Mackintosh, who seems to be in a bad state of health. In the evening Lord Byron came in. He had asked Rogers if I was 'magnanimous,' and requested him to make for him all sorts of amends honorables for having tried his wit upon me at the expense of his discretion; and in full confidence of the success of the apology, had been provided with a letter of introduction to me in case he had gone to the Lakes, as he intended to have done. As for me, you know how I regard things of this kind; so we met with all becoming courtesy on both sides, and I saw a man whom in voice, manner, and countenance I liked very much more than either his character or his writings had given me reason to expect. Rogers wanted me to dine with him on Tuesday (this day): only Lord Byron and Sharp were to have been of the party, but I had a pending engagement here, and was sorry for it."

There has been a great deal of discussion in England—here we believe the point is generally given up—on the impropriety of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Here is Southey's off-hand judgment on a case of the kind. We give it, with his son's comment:—

MARRIAGE WITH A WIFE'S SISTER.

"The question of incest was touched upon, and you very properly recommended that the case of — should rest upon the existing law, rather than make it the subject of a specific (and superfluous) clause in the act of divorce. But has it never occurred to you, my dear Wynn, that this law is an abominable relic of ecclesiastical tyranny? Of all second marriages, I have no hesitation in saying, that these are the most natural, the most suitable, and likely to be the most frequent, if the law did not sometimes prevent them. It is quite monstrous to hear judges and lawyers speaking, as they have done of late, upon this subject, and confounding natural incest with what was only deemed to be incestuous, in order that the Church might profit by selling dispensations for its commission—a species of marriage, too, which was not only permitted by the Levitical law, but even enjoined by it. I should be glad to know in what part of the Christian dispensation it is prohibited as a crime. The probable reason why the law was not swept away in this country at the Reformation was, because it involved the cause of that event; but surely we owe no such respect to the memory of Henry the

Eighth, that it should still continue to disgrace a reformed country."

"The important question of marriage with a wife's sister, touched upon in the foregoing letter, is far too summarily disposed of; for, first of all, the ecclesiastical prohibition is traced back to the primitive ages of Christianity, so that it cannot be accounted for by the supposition that it originated in the wish to multiply dispensations. (See the printed evidence of Dr. Pusey, and of the Hon. and Rev. A. P. Perceval.)

"Secondly, the Levitical law nowhere authorizes, much less enjoins, this particular union. The prohibited degrees are, in Leviticus, in most cases, stated only on one side, and the Church has supplied the other; as, if a man must not marry his father's wife, a woman must not marry her mother's husband. By this mode of interpretation, if a man must not marry his brother's wife (Lev. xviii. 16, and xx. 21), a woman must not marry her sister's husband. The former of these connexions is twice forbidden, the latter is not mentioned, but is inferred. My father's notion is, I suppose, based upon the other passage (Deut. xxv. 5), where a brother is enjoined to take to him his brother's wife. This, however, is only an exceptional case, ordered for a special purpose, and cannot be set against the general law stated in Leviticus, nor authorize the like exception in the case of the woman, the case not applying. It is not my wish to say anything more upon this subject than seems called for by the opinion given in this letter. If I had not printed it, I might, perhaps, have been supposed by some who are acquainted with what my father's sentiments were, to have suppressed a statement upon a topic of more than common interest at the present time."

Macaulay would find many valuable traits of manners in this correspondence, were he writing the history of the period. His chapter on travel would profit by this

REMINISCENCE OF THE OLD STAGE COACH.

"The most completely comfortless hours in a man's life (abstracted from all real calamity) are those which he spends alone at an inn, waiting for a chance in a stage-coach. Time thus spent is so thoroughly disagreeable that the act of getting into the coach, and resigning yourself to be jumbled for four-and-twenty or eight-and-forty hours, like a mass of inert matter, becomes a positive pleasure. I always prepare myself for such occasions with some closely-printed pocket volume, of pregnant matter, for which I should not be likely to afford leisure at other times. Erasmus's Colloquies stood me in good stead for more than one journey; Sir Thomas More's Utopia for another. When I was a schoolboy I loved travelling, and enjoyed it, indeed, as long as I could say *omnia mea mecum*; that is, as long as I could carry with me an undivided heart and mind, and had nothing to make me wish myself in any other place than where I was. The journey from London to Bristol at the holidays was one of the pleasures which I looked for at breaking up; and I used generally to travel by day rather than by night, that I might lose none of the expected enjoyment. I wish I had kept a journal of all those journeys; for some of the company into which I have fallen might have furnished matter worthy of preservation. Once I travelled with the keeper of a crimping-house at Charing Cross, who, meeting with an old acquaintance in the coach, told him his profession while I was supposed to be asleep in the corner. Once I formed an acquaintance with a young deaf and dumb man, and learned to converse with him. Once I fell in with a man of a race now nearly extinct—a village mathematician; a self-taught, iron-headed man, who, if he had been lucky enough to have been well educated and entered at Trinity Hall, might have been first wrangler, and perhaps have gone as near towards doubling the cube as any of the votaries of Mathesis.

(Pray write a sonnet to that said personage.) This man was pleased with me, and (perhaps because I was flattered by perceiving it) I have a distinct recollection of his remarkable countenance after an interval of nearly thirty years. He labored very hard to give me a love of his own favorite pursuit; and it is my own fault that I cannot now take the altitude of a church tower by the help of a cocked hat, as he taught me, or would have taught, if I could have retained such lessons."

In a letter to John Taylor Coleridge (Sept. 8, 1818), occurs this mention of

LITERARY OCCUPATIONS AND PROFITS.

"The most profitable line of composition is reviewing. You have good footing in the Quarterly, and I am glad of it, for heretofore there has been vile criticism in that journal upon poetry, and upon fine literature in general. This connexion need not preclude you from writing for the British Review. Translation is, of all literary labors, the worst paid—that is, of all such labor as is paid at all; and yet there are so many poor hungry brothers and sisters of the grey goose-quill upon the alert, that new books are sent out from France and Germany by the sheet, as they pass through the press, lest the translation should be forestalled.

"Anything which is not bargained for with the booksellers, is, of course, matter of speculation, and success is so much a matter of accident (that is to say, temporary success) in literature, that the most knowing of them are often as grievously deceived as a young author upon his first essay. Biography, however, is likely to succeed; and, with the London libraries at hand, the research for it would be rather pleasurable than toilsome. History, which is the most delightful of all employments (*experto crede*), is much less likely to be remunerated. I have not yet received so much for the History of Brazil as for a single article in the Quarterly Review. But there are many fine subjects which, if well handled, might prove prizes in the lottery. A history of Charles I. and the Interregnum, or of all the Stuart kings, upon a scale of sufficient extent, and written upon such principles as you would bring to it, would be a valuable addition to the literature of our country—useful to others, as well as honorable to yourself. Venice offers a rich story, and one which, unhappily, is now complete. Sweden, also, is a country fruitful in splendid and memorable events. For this, indeed, it would be necessary to acquire the Norse languages. Sharon Turner acquired them, and the Welsh to boot, for a similar purpose, without neglecting the duties of his practice. It may almost be asserted that men will find leisure for whatever they seriously desire to do."

A hit at American poets at this time can be read now with comparative equanimity:—

AMERICAN POETS.

"Your letter to Mr. Coleridge, which has this day arrived, enables me to thank you for Dobrzhoffer, and for the good old Huguenot Jean de Leny. The American by whom the letter was sent to my brother's has not yet made his appearance at the Lakes. When he comes I will provide him with an introduction to Wordsworth, if he should not bring one from London; and if he is particularly desirous of seeing live poets, he shall have credentials for Walter Scott. I suppose an American inquires for them as you or I should do in America for a skunk or an opossum. They are become marvellously abundant in England, so that publications which twenty years ago would have attracted considerable attention, are now coming from the press in shoals unnoticed. This makes the more remarkable that America should be so utterly barren: since the Revolution they have not produced a single poet who has been heard of on this side of the Atlantic. Dwight and Barlow both belong to the Revolution; and well was it for the Americans, taking them into the account,

that we could not say of them, *tam Marte, quam Mercurio.*"

This compliment to Humboldt in 1818 has been often confirmed since:—

HUMBOLDT.

"I saw Humboldt at Paris; never did any man portray himself more perfectly in his writings than he has done. His excessive volubility, his fulness of information, and the rapidity with which he fled from every fact into some wide generalization, made you more acquainted with his intellectual character in half an hour than you would be with any other person in half a year. Withal, he appeared exceedingly good-natured and obliging. It was at Mackenzie's that I met him."

We have here day and date in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, December 24, 1814, for the memorable *mot* on Jeffrey:—

JEFFREY CRUSHING SKIDDAW.

"Jeffrey, I hear, has written what his admirers call a *crushing* review of the *Excursion*. He might as well seat himself upon Skiddaw, and fancy that he crushed the mountain. I heartily wish Wordsworth may one day meet with him, and lay him alongside, yard-arm and yard-arm in argument."

Confessions of an English Opium Eater; and Suspiria de Profundis. By Thomas De Quincey. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

THE writings of De Quincey are among the most curious in modern English literature. A painful interest attaches to every page, as written by a man who acknowledges himself to have lain many long and weary years under the dreadful bondage of opium; and with regard to the movement of whose intellect, as doubting its sure and healthful action, our curiosity is perpetually on the alert.

A tower of great strength and mining depth it must have been to have stood these mighty shocks, and remain so lucid in its outline and upward-tending ascension, as it appears in his published writings. The style of Thomas De Quincey is a marvel of clearness and logical precision, pure in the last distillations of Saxon English, with a natural ease and movement not to be surpassed by any modern master of the tongue. Whoever looks into the present volume to find wild and distorted fancies, will be disappointed. The work is an orderly and profoundly interesting narrative of personal adventures, with a searching analysis of motive, and a Christian construction of character, worthy of an accomplished scholar and a good man. The history of Poor Ann, so feelingly told—the poor child, wanderer of London streets—is an excellent illustration of the heart and spirit which belong to the writer. He speaks as a near kinsman of Elia, of his desolation in the loss of his humble street-companion:

"Meantime, what had become of poor Ann? For her I have reserved my concluding words: according to our agreement, I sought her daily, and waited for her every night, so long as I stayed in London, at the corner of Titchfield Street. I inquired for her of every one who was likely to know her; and during the last hours of my stay in London, I put into activity every means of tracing her that my knowledge of London suggested, and the limited extent of my power made possible. The street where she had lodged I knew, but not the house; and I remember at last some account which she had given of ill treatment from the landlord, which made it probable that she had quitted those lodgings before we parted. She had few acquaintances; most people, besides, thought that the earnestness of my inquiries arose from motives which moved their laughter, or their slight regard; and others, thinking that I was in chase of a girl who had robbed me of some trifles, were naturally

and excusably indisposed to give me any clue to her, if, indeed, they had any to give. Finally, as my despairing resources, on the day I left London I put into the hands of the only person who (I was sure) must know Ann by sight, from having been in company with us once or twice, an address to — in — shire, at that time the residence of my family. But, to this hour, I have never heard a syllable about her. This, amongst such troubles as most men meet with in this life, has been my heaviest affliction. If she lived, doubtless we must have been sometimes in search of each other, at the very same moment, through the mighty labyrinths of London; perhaps even within a few feet of each other,—a barrier no wider, in a London street, often amounting in the end to a separation for eternity! During some years, I hoped that she *did* live; and I suppose that, in the literal and unrhethorical use of the word *myriad*, I may say, that on my different visits to London, I have looked into many, many myriads of female faces, in the hope of meeting her. I should know her again amongst a thousand, if I saw her for a moment; for, though not handsome, she had a sweet expression of countenance, and a peculiar and graceful carriage of the head. I sought her, I have said, in hope. So it was for years; but now I should fear to see her; and her cough, which grieved me when I parted with her, is now my consolation. I now wish to see her no longer, but think of her, more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave,—in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen,—taken away before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transfigured her ingenious nature, or brutalities of ruffians had completed the ruin they had begun.

"So, then, Oxford street, stony-hearted step-mother, thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children, at length I was dismissed from thee! the time was come at last that I no more should pace in anguish thy never-ending terraces; no more should dream, and wake in captivity to the pangs of hunger. Successors too many, to myself and Ann, have doubtless since then trodden in our footsteps; inheritors of our calamities. Other orphans than Ann have sighed; tears have been shed by other children; and thou, Oxford street, hast since echoed to the groans of innumerable hearts."

This is the tone and temper of the work: Shifting in and out, with a constantly-changing current, from one train of adventures to another; all disclosed with an admirable frankness and self-confession rare in modern compositions. His staunch defence of his own veracity against a slander twenty-two years old, aimed at a passage in his previous confessions, imparts a new worth and interest to every line of these. The present volume is the first of the Boston edition of De Quincey's writings.

Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell. Edited by William Beattie, M.D., one of his Executors. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers.

THERE are very few good modern biographies; and none, we may say, contemporary or immediately succeeding the death of their subject. Every man of distinction is compelled to pass on to posterity through the different stages of the newspaper account, the magazine reminiscence, and compilation of correspondence. It is in this third degree that Campbell is fixed for the present by Dr. Beattie, who—in a wise collection, free statement, and ample disclosure of material from every quarter—presents us a canvas, frame, and colors for a likeness of the deceased poet. The portrait is yet to paint; and when the artist appears to perform that task, it will, we imagine, be discovered that Campbell has eminently but one character of success, that of the lyric poet, and all the rest, Letters, Narratives, Editorials, Lives—all his Prose compositions, with scarcely a fragment serving to show

that he had written in that way—will retire to the background, like the clouds of an evening sunset. For this conclusion, Dr. Beattie has furnished valuable and ample material, and exhibited the Poet in a light so just and amiable, on unchallengeable testimony, that no future scrutiny is likely to change his award. The history of Campbell's literary endeavors, the composition of his chief poems, and his personal career, are presented in kindly feeling, and with so complete a vindication of the Poet's character as to have called forth Mr. Irving, in a neatly-written introductory letter, acknowledging that in his memoir he had wrongly construed "the private character of an illustrious poet, whose moral worth is now shown to have been fully equal to his exalted genius."

Passages in illustration of the quality of this work we have already furnished to our readers in previous numbers. A well executed portrait on steel is prefixed to these two substantial volumes, which will find a ready place on the shelf of every admirer of the Bard of Hope.

Elements of the Art of Rhetoric, adapted for the Use of Colleges and Academies, and also for Private Study. By Henry N. Day. Hudson: W. Skinner & Co.

A Treatise on English Punctuation. By John Wilson. Boston: Published by the Author, 21 School street.

WE are no great admirers of expanded publications on Rhetoric for young students. A few brief practical instructions at the outset are all that are available. An after period, however, comes when we revise our early knowledge, preparatory to new acquisitions of our own, and, at this time, the principles and analysis of our previous studies become of use. While there has been considerable folly in the treatment of rhetoric, there are probably few publications on this topic which are not of value. The last thing which a man thinks about is, how he thinks: he rarely examines the instrument which he employs, to see that its adjustment is in perfect order, and that its lenses are complete. Yet there is quite as much to be learnt here as in other departments of study, though pedants may have sometimes made the processes quite farcical. It by no means follows, because men speak or write well without studying the art of speech or composition, that they would not do either a great deal better by a system of careful training. Rules and analysis supply the tools of discourse, the peculiar and most effective agents to be employed, and the best skill in using them. They cannot impair original vigor any more than a knowledge of the laws of equilibrium will injure the walk of a gentleman.

It would be well, nevertheless, for all gentlemen desirous of consulting Mr. Day or Mr. Wilson, as to the art or details of composition, to remember the famous advice of Mrs. Glass on a kindred subject,—to cook your hare, you must first catch your hare. To write, you must have your idea, and this comes of something besides rhetoric. Mr. Day will teach you how to cook and garnish, and carve it. His analysis is full on the old model, and he has paid special attention to the catching the hare in his introductory chapters on Invention, which is finding the matter. The more mechanical parts are fully handled. For the subordinate but necessarily included process of punctuation, Mr. Wilson will give you abundant reason and method. His book, too, is useful for the practical detail which it sup-

plies, especially to authors and correctors of the press. Both these works are evidences of the advancement of education in this country. We bid fair to have our treatises on language, and kindred topics, as elaborate and acute as those adepts, the Germans.

MR. IRVING prefixes a new introduction to his revised edition of the Chronicle of the "Conquest of Granada," the latest volume of the new edition of his writings. It embraces an assertion of the substantial accuracy of the narrative, the worthy chronicler, Fray Antonio, being in fact a strictly historical personage himself, a characteristic embodiment of actual traits of the old historians. This we had always suspected. The fact, however, is curious, that the work originally grew out of some omitted chapters illustrative of a period of his career, belonging to the Life of Columbus. They were laid aside as not closely a part of the record, and their expansion, under the influence of additional studies and personal observation in travel, ended in the book before us—one of the most genial the author has produced. The humor and romance of the Spanish character have a fond interpreter in Irving. His treatment of these topics is so natural that we only perceive its rare excellence by contrasting it with the efforts (for such they are) of others on this ground.

STRINGER & TOWNSEND have published an illustrated edition of the first series of the Lorgnette. The designs are six in number, and from the pencil of Darley. The "Literary Lion" of the frontispiece is somewhat of a "Frenchy" animal, and the "Fashionable Man" a thought too cumbrous. None of them are lacking in force and character, but we think Mr. Darley succeeds best where he has a subject of poetry or spiritual delicacy. A serious interest, with a demand for grace or refinement, are necessary to bring out his best powers. The touch of irony in the Hungarians, before us, is in his own vein, where the beggar asks an alms in vain. The contrasted Bostonian and Southerner are capital. The former is English all over. The new title-page and preliminaries are in the old typography of the Spectator—of which grandmotherly publication the Lorgnette is the latest, if not the last, direct descendant.

TALLIS, WILLOUGHBY & Co. have commenced the publication of an illustrated edition of Don Quixote, with the energetic designs of Tony Johannot. These are very numerous, fourteen of them, including a separately printed page for "Don Quixote in his Study," being given in the first number, which is issued at the low price of three cents. The same publishers issue a serial edition of Shakspeare, with introductions, notes, &c., by Halliwell, and a steel engraving to each play, designed by Henry Warren, Corbould, &c. It is a well edited copy, and the typography is neat. The latest numbers of Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call, to No. 12, have been received by Tallis & Co.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.'s Illustrated Shakspeare has reached its 21st number with King Henry V. The portrait is Princess Katharine of France.

The new numbers of the *Edinburgh and Quarterly* are now ready, from the press of Scott & Co. The paper in the latter, on the Post-office, is probably from the pen of Sir Francis Head, the author of the similar papers on Railways. Croker mauls the author of the

Religious Life of Dr. Johnson. There is a close handling of Goethe in the *Edinburgh*.

ADDRESS TO THE ORIOLE,

BY W. H. C. NOSMER.

ORIOLE, bright Oriole!
Stay, and that clear note prolong
While each fibre of my soul
Throbs in concert to thy song;
Swell thy golden breast again,
Pouring from thy little bill
On the breeze a louder strain—
Linger still! linger still!

I have tidings, bird, to tell—
Lovely shapes have turned to clay,
Happy hearts have ceased to swell,
Since thy wanderings far away;
Bosoms glad a year ago,
Shouting joy no more can thrill,
Darkly wedded unto woe—
Linger still! linger still!

Since thy hammock swinging yet
On yon willow bough was made,
Hope has seen her day-star set,
Beauty frail her roses fade:
Lasting for a laurel crown,
Climbing Glory's rugged hill,
Beat has been Ambition down—
Linger still! linger still!

Love has mourned her perished flowers
By the hearth of many a home,
Since thy flight to tropic bowers
Over ocean's tossing foam;
Forms have through the doorway passed,
Never more to cross the sill,
That around a sunshine cast—
Linger still! linger still!

Change has been at work with me—
In my soul's unsounded deep,
Chords, that once were tuned to glee,
Time to sterner measures keep;
Friendship I have found a cheat,
Fame a bubble on the rill,
Happiness a phantom fleet—
Linger still! linger still!

Hearts have cold and sordid grown
That were generous of old;
Nature has kept faith alone,
Looking kindly as of old;
And her envoy, bird, thou art,
Heeding well her sovereign will;
Oh! to cheer my saddened heart,
Linger still! linger still!

From the Boston Traveller.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF NEANDER.

BERLIN, July 22.

NEANDER is no more! He who for forty-eight years has defeated the attacks upon the church from the side of Rationalism and Philosophy—who, through all the controversies among theologians in Germany, has remained true to the faith of his adoption, the pure and holy religion of Jesus Christ—Neander, the philosopher, the scholar—better, the great and good man—has been taken from the world.

Augustus Neander was born in Gottingen, of Jewish parentage, in 1787; studied at the Gymnasium at Hamburg; at the age of seventeen was converted to Christianity and baptized. After his conversion he went to Halle to study Theology under Schleiermacher. Having completed his studies, he was first appointed in 1811 private lecturer in Heidelberg, and in 1812 Professor at the newly founded University in Berlin. He was never married, but lived with his maiden sister. Often have I seen the two walking arm in arm upon the streets and in the parks of the city. Neander's habits of abstraction and short-sightedness rendered it necessary for him to have some one to guide the way whenever he left

his study to take a walk, or to go to his lecture room. Generally, a student walked with him to the University, and just before it was time for his lecture to close, his sister could be seen walking up and down on the opposite side of the street, waiting to accompany him home.

Many anecdotes are related of him illustrative of his absence of mind, such as his appearing in the lecture room half-dressed,—if left alone, always going to his old residence, after he had removed to another part of the city,—walking in the gutter, &c., &c. In the lecture-room, his manner was in the highest degree peculiar. He put his left arm over the desk, clasping the book in his hand, and after bringing his face close to the corner of his desk, effectually concealed it by holding his notes close to his nose.

In one hand was always a quill, which, during the lecture, he kept constantly twirling about and crushing. He pushed the desk forward upon two legs, swinging it back and forth, and every few minutes would plunge forward almost spasmodically, throwing one foot back in a way leading you to expect that he would the next moment precipitate himself headlong down upon the desks of the students. Twirling his pen, occasional spitting, jerking his foot backward, taken with his dress, gave him a most eccentric appearance in the lecture-room. Meeting him upon the street, with his sister, you never would have suspected that such a strange looking being could be Neander. He formerly had two sisters, but a few years ago the favorite one died. It was a trying affliction, and for a short interval he was quite overcome, but suddenly he dried his tears, calmly declared his firm faith and reliance in the wise purpose of God in taking her to himself, and resumed his lectures immediately as if nothing had overtaken him to disturb his serenity.

Neander's charity was unbounded. Poor students were not only presented with tickets to his lectures, but were also often provided by him with money and clothing. Not a farthing of the money received for his lectures ever went to supply his own wants; it was all given away for benevolent purposes. The income from his writings was bestowed upon the Missionary, Bible, and other Societies, and upon Hospitals. Thoughts of himself never seemed to have obtruded upon his mind. He would sometimes give away to a poor student all the money he had about him at the moment the request was made of him, even his new coat, retaining the old one for himself. You have known this great man in your country more on account of his learning, from his books, than in any other way; but here, where he has lived, one finds that his private character, his piety, his charity, have distinguished him above all others. It would be difficult to decide whether the influence of his example has not been as great as that of his writings upon the thousands of young men who have been his pupils. Protestants, Catholics, nearly all the leading preachers throughout Germany, have attended his lectures, and all have been more or less guided by him. While Philosophy has been for years attempting to usurp the place of Religion, Neander has been the chief instrument in combating it, and in keeping the true faith constantly before the students. Strauss's celebrated "Life of Jesus" created almost a revolution in the theological world. At the time of its appearance the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs consulted Neander's opinion as to the propriety of prohibiting its sale in Prussia. Neander, who at that time was reading lectures upon the Life of

WORDSWORTH'S POSTHUMOUS POEM

TWO PORTRAITS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

From the book of Wordsworth's poem, "The Prelude," occupied with his residence on the Loire, during the early scenes of the French Revolution.

THE ROYALIST.

A BAND of military Officers,
Then stationed in the city, were the chief
Of my associates: some of these wore swords
That had been seasoned in the wars, and all
Were men well-born; the chivalry of France.
In age and temper differing, they had yet
One spirit ruling in each heart; alike
(Save only one, hereafter to be named)
Were bent upon undoing what was done:
This was their rest and only hope; therewith
No fear had they of bad becoming worse,
For worst to them was come; nor would have
stirred.

Or deemed it worth a moment's thought to stir,
In anything, save only as the act
Looked thitherward. One, reckoning by years,
Was in the prime of manhood, and erewhile
He had sat lord in many tender hearts;
Though heedless of such honors now, and
changed:

His temper was quite mastered by the times,
And they had blighted him, had eaten away
The beauty of his person, doing wrong
Alike to body and to mind; his port,
Which once had been erect and open, now
Was stooping and contracted, and a face,
Endowed by Nature with her fairest gifts
Of symmetry and light and bloom, expressed,
As much as any that was ever seen,
A ravage out of season, made by thoughts
Unhealthy and vexatious. With the hour,
That from the press of Paris duly brought
Its freight of public news, the fever came,
A punctual visitant, to shake this man,
Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow cheek
Into a thousand colors; while he read,
Or mused, his sword was haunted by his touch
Continually, like an uneasy place
In his own body.

THE REPUBLICAN, BEAUPUIS.

Among that band of Officers was one,
Already hinted at, of other mould—
A patriot, thence rejected by the rest,
And with an oriental loathing spurned,
As of a different caste. A meeker man
Than this lived never, nor a more benign,
Meek though enthusiastic. Injuries
Made him more gracious, and his nature then
Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly,
As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,
When foot hath crushed them. He through the
events

Of that great change wandered in perfect faith,
As through a book, an old romance, or tale
Of Fairy, or some dream of actions wrought
Behind the summer clouds. By birth he ranked
With the most noble, but unto the poor
Among mankind he was in service bound,
As by some invisible, oaths professed
To a religious order. Man he loved
As man; and, to the mean and the obscure,
And all the homely in their homely works,
Transferred a courtesy which had no air
Of condescension; but did rather seem
A passion and a gallantry, like that
Which he, a soldier, in his rider's day
Had paid to woman: somewhat vain he was,
Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy
Dwelt around him, while he was intent
On works of love or freedom, or revolved
Complicately the progress of a cause,
Whereof he was a part: yet this was meek
And placid, and took nothing from the man
That was delightful. Oft in solitude
With him did I discourse about the end
Of civil government, and its wisest forms:
Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,
Custom and habit, novelty and change;

Of self-respect, and virtue in the few
For patrimonial honor set apart,
And ignorance in the laboring multitude.

Oh, sweet it is, in academic groves,
Or such retirement, Friend! as we have known
In the green dales beside our Rotha's stream,
Greta, or Derwent, or some nameless rill,
To ruminate, with interchange of talk,
On rational liberty, and hope in man,
Justice and peace. But far more sweet such toil—
Toil, say I, for it leads to thoughts abstruse—
If nature then be standing on the brink
Of some great trial, and we hear the voice
Of one devoted,—one whom circumstance
Hath called upon to embody his deep sense
In action, give it outwardly a shape,
And that of benediction, to the world.
Then doubt is not, and truth is more than truth,—
A hope it is, and a desire; a creed
Of zeal, by an authority divine
Sanctioned, of danger, difficulty, or death.
Such conversation, under Attic shades,
Did Dion hold with Plato; ripened thus
For a Deliverer's glorious task,—and such
He, on that ministry already bound,
Held with Eudemus and Timonides,
Surrounded by adventurers in arms,
When those two vessels with their daring freight,
For the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow,
Sailed from Zacynthus,—philosophic war,
Led by Philosophers. With harder fate,
Though like ambition, such was he, O Friend!
Of whom I speak. So Beaupuis (let the name
Stand near the worthiest of Antiquity)
Fashioned his life; and many a long discourse
With like persuasion honored, we maintained:
He, on his part, accounted for the worst.
He perished fighting, in supreme command,
Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire,
For liberty, against deluded men,
His fellow countrymen; and yet most blessed
In this, that he the fate of later times
Lived not to see, nor what we now behold,
Who have as ardent hearts as he had then.

And sometimes—

When to a convent in a meadow green,
By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,
And not by reverential touch of Time
Dismantled, but by violence abrupt—
In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,
In spite of real fervor, and of that
Less genuine and wrought up within myself—
I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,
And for the Matin-bell to sound no more
Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the cross
High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign
(How welcome to the weary traveller's eyes!)
Of hospitality and peaceful rest.
And when the partner of those varied walks
Pointed upon occasion to the site
Of Romorantin, home of ancient kings,
To the imperial edifice of Blois,
Or to that rural castle, name now slipped
From my remembrance, where a lady lodged,
By the first Francis wooed, and bound to him
In chains of mutual passion, from the tower,
As a tradition of the country tells,
Practised to commune with her royal knight
By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse
Twixt her high-seated residence and his
Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath;
Even here, though less than with the peaceful
house
Religious, 'mid those frequent monuments
Of Kings, their vices and their better deeds,
Imagination, potent to inflame
At times with virtuous wrath and noble scorn,
Did also often mitigate the force
Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,
So call it, of a youthful patriot's mind;
And on these spots with many gleams I looked
Of chivalrous delight. Yet not the less,
Hatred of absolute rule, where will of one
Is law for all, and of that barren pride
In them who, by immunities unjust,

Between the sovereign and the people stand,
His helper and not theirs, laid stronger hold
Daily upon me, mixed with pity too
And love; for where hope is, there love will be
For the abject multitude. And when we chanced
One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,
Who crept along fitting her languid gait
Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord
Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the lane
Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid hands
Was busy knitting in a heartless mood
Of solitude, and at the sight my friend
In agitation said, "Tis against that
That we are fighting," I with him believed
That a benignant spirit was abroad
Which might not be withstood, that poverty
Abject as this would in a little time
Be found no more, that we should see the earth
Unthwarted in her wish to recompense
The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil.

FACTS AND OPINIONS.

IN Public Announcements for the Fall, JENNY LIND glitters eminent like a star in the front of morning. She has already been pioneered in a dozen or twenty biographies, and in newspaper notices without number. She is now, winds and waves favoring, approaching our shore in the Atlantic steamer (of 21st), and is to appear before the American public, for the first time, in the new Musical Hall, opposite Bond street, on the 18th of next month. A peculiar interest is imparted to the occasion by the following announcement of energetic Barnum:—"THE JENNY LIND SONG.—Messrs. Editors:—Will you please to state that Jenny Lind having expressed a strong desire to sing at her first concert in New York a 'Welcome to America,' and Mr. Jules Benedict, the eminent composer, having kindly volunteered to set such a composition to music, I hereby offer \$200 for such song as may be accepted for the above purpose by the following Committee—Messrs. George Ripley, Jules Benedict, Lewis Gaylord Clarke, J. S. Redfield, and George P. Putnam. The songs to be addressed to the Committee, box 2743 Post-office, New York, and to reach here by the 1st of September. The names of the authors may be sealed in separate envelopes, and no one will be opened except that containing the name of the successful competitor. All the songs, except the one selected, will be returned to any address designated.

"P. T. BARNUM.

"New York, Aug. 15, 1850"

The following intimation, in the *Evening Post*, of a project we have long desired to see realized, is a promise which we trust our citizens, when it is fairly brought before them, will not suffer to fall through for want of means. Our city needs just such a resort. It would be an object for a drive and a healthful refreshment for all classes. We know not how a more favorable time could be chosen to engage in this enterprise, or how it could be entered on under better auspices. The sanction of the Post is emphatic, and deserves to be substantially responded to by our wealthy merchants and real estate holders:—"We are very glad to hear that a project is on foot for opening a spacious Zoological and Botanical Garden in the north part of the island of New York immediately on the Hudson. A plan of an association for the purpose has been drawn up by Mr. Audubon, a son of the eminent ornithologist—the same who lately made an overland journey to California. His courage and perseverance in that expedition have given the public a sufficient pledge of the energy and constancy of his character, and his scientific knowledge, educated as he has been from his early childhood to be a naturalist, qualifies him as few are qualified, for the superintendence of such an establishment. The spot chosen for the garden is the property of the Audubon family, adjoining the Trinity Cemetery, and containing about twenty acres, which is about a third larger than the London Zoological Gardens. It comprises a noble natural forest, as fine, we are certain, as any on the

island; it is near a station of the Hudson river railway, and a wharf stands at the bottom of 155th street, on the premises, at which steamboats might land from the lower part of the city. The shore here lies in easy declivities, and the river by which the place is bounded for eight hundred feet, would furnish suitable habitations for water fowl and amphibious animals, and places for the growth of aquatic plants, even if the Croton water could not be obtained, which, of course, might be effected without difficulty. We bespeak for this plan something more than the favorable consideration—the enthusiastic co-operation of the public. Such a garden is the very thing our city wants, and the project is in the hands of the very man to execute it successfully and splendidly, if he obtain half the encouragement his plan and he deserves. It would be one of the most delightful and most instructive places of resort we have—a perfect school of natural history to the young—an institution, in short, to be proud of, if managed by such a man as Audubon. Moreover, we beseech those who are disposed to give it their countenance, to let the projector have his own way in getting it up, as far as can be done consistently with prudence in expenditures. We shall then be more sure that it will have the advantage of all his zeal and industry, and more sure of seeing it a perfect institution of its kind."

It is stated by the New York Correspondent of the *N. O. Bulletin*, that Professor Draper, of this city, is likely to be called to the vacant chair of Chemistry at Harvard, and that Prof. Doremus, an Analytical Chemist of this city, son of the well known merchant, Thos. C. Doremus, will succeed him at the University.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, from Düsseldorf, under date of the 9th July, writes "that Lessing's Great Painting, 'the Martyrdom of Hum,' had just been finished, and had been exhibited for the last few days, at the Academy of Fine Arts, where it was visited by thousands. When it became known that orders for its immediate shipment had arrived from New York, the desire to obtain a last view of this truly great work became so intense, that it was found necessary to put the police in requisition, to keep back the throng, and the gates of the Academy had to be closed. It causes general regret that it is sent out of the country. The Cologne Gazette calls this picture the most sublime production of the great artist, and expresses a conviction that a speedy fortune might be realized by its exhibition in Europe. This picture has been purchased for the Düsseldorf Gallery, in this city, and will be exhibited as soon as practicable after its arrival."

Among the objects of interest that will invite the attention of the members of the British Association during their approaching visit to Edinburgh, says the London *Athenæum*, there is much talk of a plaster mask said to be taken from the face of Shakspeare. Mr. Becker, a gentleman now on a visit to the modern Athens from Mayence, is said to have derived this mask from an ecclesiastical personage of high rank at Cologne, a city which is known to have had in the time of Shakspeare intimate relations with the British court. The mask has the date 1616 marked on its back. Phrenological speculation from this asserted representation of the great bard is denied by the circumstance of the absence of craniological development, there being nothing more here than mere facial presentment. Physiognomical examination justifies, it is said, the ascription of this copy to an original of much imagination and great sensibility. The nobleness of the contour is stated to have furnished Vandyke himself with subject-matter for his pencil in *ingrassiate*.

The Pomeranian Pastor, Meinhold, whose singular romance, the "Amber Witch," is well known in England, we see it stated in a foreign paper, "has just been condemned to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 100 thalers, besides costs, for eluding against another clergyman named Stosch, in a communication published in the *New Prussian Zeitung*. The 'Amber Witch' is one of the 'curiosities of literature,' for in the last

German edition the author is obliged to prove that it is entirely a work of imagination, and not, as almost all the German critics believed it to be when it appeared, the reprint of an old chronicle. It was, in fact, written as a trap for the disciples of Strassé and his school, who had pronounced the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be a collection of legends, from historical research, assisted by 'internal evidence.' Meinhold did not spare them when they fell into the snare, and made merry with the historical knowledge and critical acumen that could not detect the contemporary romancer under the mask of the chronicler of two centuries ago, while they decided so positively as to the authority of the most ancient writings in the world."

Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, the author of a "History of France," is said, in the London Correspondence of the Manchester Examiner, to be the editor of the *Daily News*.

At a royal levée, Mr. Edwin Landseer and Mr. John Watson Gordon, President of the Royal Scottish Academy of Painting and the queen's limner in Scotland, have received the honor of knighthood.

A poem by Robert Burns, never before published, has just been discovered. Mr. Robert Chambers pronounces it genuine. The Scottish Press says: "It is intended, we hear, to print it in the new edition of Burns's works, at present in course of preparation by the Messrs. Chambers."

At Edinburgh it has been resolved to erect a monument to the memory of the poet Motherwell, in the Necropolis, where his remains are interred. The monument is to be confided to Mr. Fillans, the sculptor."

The Court Circular states, that at the levee on Wednesday Mr. Sheriff Alison presented his "History of Europe" to her Majesty.

A late parliamentary return, on the railway traffic of Great Britain, shows the total receipts of the railway companies during the year ending 31st December, 1849, to have been nearly twelve millions sterling, of which more than five and a half millions are receipts arising from the conveyance of goods, &c., while upwards of six millions are the result of passengers' fares.

M. Thiers received, it is said, £24,000 for "The History of the Consulate and the Empire," several volumes of which are yet unwritten. The publishers are anxious to insure his life, and have tried the London offices for that purpose, but the risk was declined.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Standard* says, "Probably one of the most curious examples of the apparently trifling pursuits of scientific men has been exhibited by one of the most esteemed members of the Academy of Science of Paris, M. Dureau de la Malle. He was anxious to ascertain at what hour different birds began their morning song; he, therefore, from the 1st of May to the 6th of July, made observations, which he regularly published. It appears that for thirty years this vigilant naturalist went to bed at seven o'clock in the evening, and rose at midnight, during spring and summer, and that this eccentric habit was for scientific purposes. It seems that the concert is opened about one o'clock by the chaffinch, and that the sparrow is the laziest bird, not leaving his rest until five o'clock. In the intermediate hours, at marked intervals, which M. de la Malle has carefully noted down, other birds commence their natural melody. He has shown, on more than one occasion, that the different birds have mistaken artificial light for the dawning of day, and that a solar lamp has awakened the little choristers."

Of Sir Robert Peel, the *Church and State Gazette* remarks, in summing up his services to the cause of literature and science—"Southey, Wordsworth, Montgomery, Tennyson, Tytler, and McCulloch, received pensions from the Government at his recommendation. The widow of Hood, and the sons of Mrs. Hemans, acknowledged the benefit of his influence. He placed Professor Airy in the Greenwich Observatory; pensioned Faraday and Mrs. Somerville; bestowed the Deanery of Westminster on Dr. Buck-

land, and soothed the sorrows of unhappy Haydon."

The London *Spectator* announces the death of Madame Gavaudan, and adds:—"To many it will be necessary to explain that Madame Gavaudan was in her time one of the most favorite singing actresses and acting songstresses belonging to the *Opéra Comique* of Paris; and that, after many years of popularity, she retired from the stage in 1823; to put it otherwise, before the career of her successor, Mdle. Jenny Colon, began,—she, too, has now been dead some years!—and almost before Mdle. Darcier, the present Gavaudan of her theatre, was born. A daughter of Madame Gavaudan, Madame Raimbault, some eighteen years ago appeared in England with success as a concert singer."

The *Glasgow Daily Mail* has the following anecdote from Paris:—"A few days ago there was a ball at the *Closier des Lolas* in Paris. An old man, but of a green old age, passed with two women before the *guingette*. The old man stopped, and listened with pleasure to the laughter of the students and grisettes. 'Let us go in,' said he to his companions, who seemed his guardian angels; 'let us go in;' and without listening to their remarks he entered, followed by his two companions. The three sat down before a bottle of beer; and the old man began to look smilingly on at the joyous groups which passed before him, and laughed heartily at the chorographic extravagances of both sexes. But looking on, at last the old man was looked at. At the end of the first dance he was picked out. A strange rumor flew through the ball-room and garden. Suddenly the table was surrounded by eager groups, and the whole company gazed on with curiosity and affectionate respect. Then a name was uttered, and the doubt was certainty, and loud was the clamor in the ball-room. The women rushed towards him, and embraced him with transports and antics showing their delirium of delight: the young men, waving their hats, shouted loud cries of joy and triumph. The old man was nearly suffocated by his ovation. But who was the old man who raised the students and grisettes to this pitch of enthusiasm? The old man was Beranger—their own poet—the patriot songster of the country. Such an anecdote is more pleasant to record than the stupid quarrels of mediocre politicians."

VARIETIES.

LITERARY COINCIDENCE.

"Mater cupido quod dicit amant.
In vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua."

CATULLUS.

"Woman's faith, and woman's trust,
Write the characters in dust.
Paint them on the moon's pale beam,
Trace them on the running stream." &c. &c.

SCOTT'S "BATHOS."

A PUZZLING "CHORUS."—A writer in *Notes and Queries* gives the following chorus to the old song, "A frog he would a-wooing go," which he heard sung when a boy:—

"A frog he would a-wooing ride,
With a rigdum bullydum kymy;
With sword and buckler by his side,
With a rigdum bullydum kymy.
Kymyav kelta cary kymyary kymy.
Strimstram paddiddle larrabona ringling,
Rigdum bullydum kymy."

ANECDOTE OF LORD BROUGHAM.—The "Life of the Rev. Dr. Hugh Hugh," has a description of an interview which a deputation of Scotch dissenters had some years ago with Lord Brougham. The *Scotoman* adds, from its private knowledge, some odd incidents of the affair. His lordship, on coming out of the court to meet the deputation, immediately on being informed of their object, burst out in a volley of exclamations to the effect that, but for dissent, there would be "No vital religion—no vital religion, gentlemen, no vital religion." While pouring forth this in a most solemn tone, he was all the while shaking violently the locked doors of a lobby full of committee rooms, into one of which he wished to find entrance, and calling for

Christ, replied that as his opinions were in direct opposition to those of Strauss, he would write a book, in which he would endeavor to confute the dangerous positions taken by that author. He could not advise to the prohibition of the work—it had already taken its place in the scientific world—and could only be put down by argument. "Our Saviour," said he, "needs not the assistance of man to maintain his Church upon earth." Neander's principal lectures were upon Church History, Dogmatics, Patristic, and the books of the New Testament. His lecture-room was always well filled, and one could see, from his earnest manner, that his whole soul was engaged in the work—that it was to him a labor of love. Neander's writings have been translated and are well known in America. The principal among them are "Julian and his Times," 1812; "St. Bernard and his Times," 1813; "The Development of the Gnostic System," 1818; "St. Chrysostom," 1822; "History of the Christian Church," which has reached its tenth volume; "The Anti-Gnostics," 1826; "Planting of the Church by the Apostles," 1832; "Life of Jesus," in reply to Strauss, 1837.

He was better acquainted with the Church History and the writings of the Fathers than any one of his time. It has been the custom, upon the recurrence of his birth-day, for the students to present to him a rare edition of one of the Fathers, and thus he has come to have one of the most complete sets of their writings to be found in any library. Turning from his great literary attainments, from all considerations suggested by his profound learning, it is pleasant to contemplate the pure Christian character of the man. Although born a Jew, his whole life seemed to be a sermon upon the text, "That disciple whom Jesus loved, said unto Peter, *It is the Lord!*" Neander's life resembled more "that disciple's," than any other. He was the loving John, the new church Father of our times.

His sickness was only of a few days' duration. On Monday he held his lecture as usual. The next day he was seized with a species of cholera. A day or two of pain was followed by a lucid interval, when the physicians were encouraged to hope for his recovery. During this interval he dictated a page in his Church History, and then said to his sister, "I am weary—let us go home." He had no time to die. He needed no further preparation: his whole life had been the best preparation, and up to the last moment we see him active in his Master's service. The disease returned with a redoubled force, a day or two more of suffering, and on Sunday, less than a week from the day of attack, he was dead.

On the 17th of July I attended the funeral services. The procession of students was formed at the university, and marched to his dwelling. In the meantime, in the house, the theological students, the professors from Berlin, and from the university of Halle, the clergy, relatives, high officers of government, etc., were assembled to hear the funeral discourse. Professor Strauss, for 45 years an intimate friend of Neander, delivered the sermon. During the exercises, the body, not yet placed in the coffin, was covered with wreaths and flowers and surrounded with burning candles. The procession, which was of great length, was formed at 10 A. M. and moved through Unter den Linden as far as Frederick street, and then the whole length of Frederick street as far as Elizabeth Street Cemetery. The whole distance, nearly two miles, the sides of the streets, doors and windows of the

houses, were filled with an immense concourse of people who had come to look upon the solemn scene. The hearse was surrounded by students, some of them from Halle, carrying lighted candles, and in advance was borne the Bible and Greek Testament which had ever been used by the deceased.

At the grave a choir of young men sang appropriate music, and a student from Halle made an affecting address. It was a solemn sight to see the tears gushing from the eyes of those who had been the pupils and friends of Neander. Many were deeply moved, and well might they join with the world in mourning for one who had done more than any one to keep pure the Religion of Christ here in Germany.

After the benediction was pronounced, every one present, according to the beautiful custom here, went to the grave and threw into it a handful of dirt, thus assisting at the burial. Slowly, and in scattered groups, the crowd dispersed to their various homes.

How insignificant all the metaphysical controversies of the age, the vain teachings of man, appeared to us as we stood at the grave-side of Neander. His was a far higher and holier faith from which, like the Evangelist, he never wavered. In his life, in his death, the belief to which he had been converted, his watchword remained unchanged: "It is the Lord!" His body has been consigned to the grave, but the sunset glory of his example still illumines our sky, and will for ever light us onward to the path he trod.

AGIDOS.

THE GHOST OF ART.

[From the Household Words of Saturday, July 20, 1850.]

I AM a bachelor, residing in rather a dreary set of chambers in the Temple. They are situated in a square court of high houses, which would be a complete well, but for the want of water and the absence of a bucket. I live at the top of the house, among the tiles and sparrows. Like the little man in the nursery-story, I live by myself, and all the bread and cheese I get—which is not much—I put upon a shelf. I need scarcely add, perhaps, that I am in love, and that the father of my charming Julia objects to our union.

I mention these little particulars as I might deliver a letter of introduction. The reader is now acquainted with me, and perhaps will condescend to listen to my narrative.

I am naturally of a dreamy turn of mind; and my abundant leisure—for I am called to the bar—coupled with much lonely listening to the twittering of sparrows, and the pattering of rain, has encouraged that disposition. In my "top set" I hear the wind howl, on a winter night, when the man on the ground-floor believes it is perfectly still weather. The dim lamps with which our Honorable Society (supposed to be as yet unconscious of the new discovery called gas) make the horrors of the staircase visible, deepen the gloom which generally settles on my soul when I go home at night.

I am in the Law, but not of it. I can't exactly make out what it means. I sit in Westminster Hall sometimes (in character) from ten to four; and when I go out of Court, I don't know whether I am standing on my wig or my boots.

It appears to me (I mention this in confidence) as if there were too much talk and too much law—as if some grains of truth were started overboard into a tempestuous sea of chaff.

All this may make me mystical. Still, I am confident that what I am going to describe my-

self as having seen and heard, I actually did see and hear.

It is necessary that I should observe that I have a great delight in pictures. I am no painter myself, but I have studied pictures and written about them. I have seen all the most famous pictures in the world; my education and reading have been sufficiently general to possess me beforehand with a knowledge of most of the subjects to which a Painter is likely to have recourse; and, although I might be in some doubt as to the rightful fashion of the scabbard of King Lear's sword, for instance, I think I should know King Lear tolerably well, if I happened to meet with him.

I go to all the Modern Exhibitions every season, and of course I revere the Royal Academy. I stand by its forty Academical articles almost as firmly as I stand by the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. I am convinced that in neither case could there be, by any rightful possibility, one article more or less.

It is now exactly three years—three years ago, this very month—since I went from Westminster to the Temple, one Thursday afternoon, in a cheap steam-boat. The sky was black when I imprudently walked on board. It began to thunder and lighten immediately afterwards, and the rain poured down in torrents. The deck seeming to smoke with the wet, I went below; but so many passengers were there, smoking too, that I came up again, and buttoning my pea-coat, and standing in the shadow of the paddle-box, stood as upright as I could, and made the best of it.

It was at this moment that I first beheld the terrible Being who is the subject of my present recollections.

Standing against the funnel, apparently with the intention of drying himself by the heat as fast as he got wet, was a shabby man in threadbare black, and with his hands in his pockets, who fascinated me from the memorable instant when I caught his eye.

Where had I caught that eye before? Who was he? Why did I connect him, all at once, with the Vicar of Wakefield, Alfred the Great, Gil Blas, Charles the Second, Joseph and his Brethren, the Fairy Queen, Tom Jones, the Decameron of Boccaccio, Tam O'Shanter, the Marriage of the Doge of Venice with the Adriatic, and the Great Plague of London? Why, when he bent one leg, and placed one hand upon the back of the seat near him, did my mind associate him wildly with the words, "Number one hundred and forty-two, Portrait of a gentleman?" Could it be that I was going mad?

I looked at him again, and now I could have taken my affidavit that he belonged to the Vicar of Wakefield's family. Whether he was the Vicar, or Moses, or Mr. Burchell, or the Squire, or a conglomeration of all four, I knew not; but I was impelled to seize him by the throat, and charge him with being, in some fell way, connected with the Primrose blood. He looked up at the rain, and then—oh Heaven! he became Saint John. He folded his arms, resigning himself to the weather, and I was frantically inclined to address him as the Spectator, and firmly demand to know what he had done with Sir Roger de Coverley.

The frightful suspicion that I was becoming deranged, returned upon me with redoubled force. Meantime, this awful stranger, inexplicably linked to my distress, stood drying himself at the funnel; and ever, as the steam rose from his clothes, diffusing a mist around

him, I saw through the ghostly medium all the people I have mentioned, and a score more, sacred and profane.

I am conscious of a dreadful inclination that stole upon me, as it thundered and lightened, to grapple with this man, or demon, and plunge him over the side. But, I constrained myself—I know not how—to speak to him, and in a pause of the storm I crossed the deck and said:

"What are you?"

He replied, hoarsely, "A Model."

"A what?" said I.

"A Model," he replied. "I set to the profession for a bob a-hour." (All through this narrative I give his own words, which are indelibly imprinted on my memory.)

The relief which this disclosure gave me, the exquisite delight of the restoration of my confidence in my own sanity, I cannot describe. I should have fallen on his neck, but for the consciousness of being observed by the man at the wheel.

"You then," said I, shaking him so warmly by the hand, that I wrung the rain out of his coat-cuff, "are the gentleman whom I have so frequently contemplated, in connexion with a high-backed chair with a red cushion, and a table with twisted legs."

"I am that Model," he rejoined moodily, "and I wish I was anything else."

"Say not so," I returned. "I have seen you in the society of many beautiful young women;" as in truth I had, and always (I now remembered) in the act of making the most of his legs.

"No doubt," said he. "And you've seen me along with wares of flowers, and any number of table-knives, and antique cabinets, and various gammon."

"Sir?" said I.

"And various gammon," he repeated, in a louder voice. "You might have seen me in armor, too, if you had looked sharp. Blessed if I ha'n't stood in half the suits of armor as ever came out of Pratt's shop; and sat, for weeks together, a eating nothing, out of half the gold and silver dishes as has ever been lent for the purpose out of Storrses and Mortimerases, or Garrardses and Davenportseses."

Excited, as it appeared, by a sense of injury, I thought he never would have found an end for the last word. But at length it rolled sullenly away with the thunder.

"Pardon me," said I, "you are a well-favored, well-made man, and yet—forgive me—I find, on examining my mind, that I associate you with—that my recollection indistinctly makes you, in short—excuse me—a kind of powerful monster."

"It would be a wonder if it didn't," he said. "Do you know what my points are?"

"No," said I.

"My throat and my legs," said he. "When I don't set for a head, I mostly sets for a throat and a pair of legs. Now, granted you was a painter, and was to work at my throat for a week together, I suppose you'd see a lot of lumps and bumps there, that would never be there at all, if you looked at me complete, instead of only my throat. Wouldn't you?"

"Probably," said I, surveying him.

"Why, it stands to reason," said the Model. "Work another week at my legs, and it'll be the same thing. You'll make 'em out as knotty and as knobby, at last, as if they was the trunks of two old trees. Then, take and stick my legs and throat on to another man's body, and you'll make a reg'lar monster. And that's the way the public gets their

reg'lar monsters every first Monday in May, when the Royal Academy Exhibition opens."

"You are a critic," said I, with an air of deference.

"I'm in an uncommon ill humor, if that's it," rejoined the Model, with great indignation. "As if it warn't bad enough for a bob a-hour, for a man to be mixing himself up with that there jolly old furniture that one 'ud think the public know'd the very nails in by this time—or to be putting on greasy old 'ats and cloaks, and playing tambourines in the Bay o' Naples, with Wesuvius a smokin' according to pattern in the background, and the wines a bearing wonderful in the middle distance—or to be unpolitely kicking up his legs among a lot o' gals, with no reason whatever in his mind, but to show 'em—as if this warn't bad enough, I'm to go and be thrown out of employment too!"

"Surely no!" said I.

"Surely yes," said the indignant Model. "BUT I'LL GROW ONE."

The gloomy and threatening manner in which he muttered the last words, can never be effaced from my remembrance. My blood ran cold.

I asked of myself, what was it that this desperate Being was resolved to grow? My breast made no response.

I ventured to implore him to explain his meaning. With a scornful laugh he uttered this dark prophecy:

"I'LL GROW ONE. AND, MARK MY WORDS, IT SHALL HAUNT YOU!"

We parted in the storm, after I had forced half-a-crown on his acceptance, with a trembling hand. I conclude that something supernatural happened to the steamboat, as it bore his reeking figure down the river; but it never got into the papers.

Two years elapsed, during which I followed my profession without any vicissitudes; never holding so much as a motion, of course. At the expiration of that period, I found myself making my way home to the Temple, one night, in precisely such another storm of thunder and lightning as that by which I had been overtaken on board the steamboat—except that this storm, bursting over the town at midnight, was rendered much more awful by the darkness and the hour.

As I turned into my court, I really thought a thunderbolt would fall, and plough the pavement up. Every brick and stone in the place seemed to have an echo of its own for the thunder. The water-spouts were overcharged, and the rain came tearing down from the house-tops as if they had been mountain-tops.

Mrs. Parkins, my laundress—wife of Parkins the porter, then newly dead of a drop—had particular instructions to place a bedroom candle and a match under the staircase lamp on my landing, in order that I might light my candle there, whenever I came home. Mrs. Parkins invariably disregarding all instructions, they were never there. Thus it happened that on this occasion I groped my way into my sitting-room to find the candle, and came out to light it.

What were my emotions when, underneath the staircase lamp, shining with wet as if he had never been dry since our last meeting, stood the mysterious Being whom I had encountered on the steamboat in a thunder-storm two years before! His prediction rushed upon my mind, and I turned faint.

"I said I'd do it," he observed, in a hollow voice, "and I have done it. May I come in?"

"Misguided creature, what have you done?" I returned.

"I'll let you know," was his reply, "if you'll let me in."

Could it be murder that he had done? And had he been so successful that he wanted to do it again at my expense?

I hesitated.

"May I come in?" said he.

I inclined my head, with as much presence of mind as I could command, and he followed me into my chamber. There I saw that the lower part of his face was tied up, in what is commonly called a Belcher handkerchief. He slowly removed this bandage, and exposed to view a long, dark beard, curling over his upper lip, twisting about the corners of his mouth, and hanging down upon his breast.

"What is this?" I exclaimed involuntarily, "and what have you become?"

"I am the Ghost of Art!" said he.

The effect of these words, slowly uttered in the thunderstorm at midnight, was appalling in the last degree. More dead than alive, I surveyed him in silence.

"The German taste came up," said he, "and threw me out of bread. I am ready for the taste now."

He made his beard a little jagged with his hands, folded his arms, and said,

"Severity!"

I shuddered. It was so severe.

He made his beard flowing on his breast and, leaning both hands on the staff of a carpet-broom which Mrs. Parkins had left among my books, said:

"Benevolence."

I stood transfixed. The change of sentiment was entirely in the beard. The man might have left his face alone, or had no face. The beard did everything.

He lay down on his back, on my table, and with that action of his head threw up his beard at the chin.

"That's Death!" said he.

He got off my table and, looking up at the ceiling, cocked his beard a little awry, at the same time making it stick out before him.

"Adoration, or a vow of vengeance," he observed.

He turned his profile to me, making his upper lip very bulgy with the upper part of his beard.

"Romantic character," said he.

He looked sideways out of his beard, as if it were an ivy-bush. "Jealousy," said he. He gave it an ingenious twist in the air, and informed me that he was carousing. He made it shaggy with his fingers—and it was Despair; lank—and it was Avarice; tossed it all kinds of ways—and it was Rage. The beard did everything.

"I am the Ghost of Art," said he. "Two bob a-day now, and more when it's longer! Hair's the true expression. There is no other. I SAID I'D GROW IT, AND I'VE GROWN IT, AND IT SHALL HAUNT YOU!"

He may have tumbled down stairs in the dark, but he never walked down or ran down. I looked over the bannisters, and I was alone with the thunder.

Need I add more of my terrific fate? It HAS haunted me ever since. It glares upon me from the walls of the Royal Academy (except when MACLISE subdues it to his genius), it fills my soul with terror at the British Institution, it lures young artists on to their destruction. Go where I will, the Ghost of Art, eternally working the passions in hair, and expressing everything by beard, pursues me. The prediction is accomplished, and the Victim has no rest.

an absent official not only in passionate tones, but in phraseology which the reverend deputation, at first unwilling to trust their own ears, were at last forced to believe was nothing better than profane swearing. At last, he suddenly drew himself up to the wall opposite a locked door, and with a tremendous kick smashed the lock, and entered (exclaiming, first in a vehement, and then in a solemn tone, but without pause) "—that fellow!—where the — does he always go to! No vital religion, gentlemen, no vital religion—no, no, no."

EYE OF THE FOURTH.—A DANCE. After such a pleasant day, we had a charming drive home, including even the long and slow ascent of Briar Hill. The birds, perched on the rails and bushes, sang us cheerfully on our way. As we stopped at the tavern, at the little hamlet of Old Oaks, to water the horses, we found a long row of empty wagons and buggies drawn up before the house, betokening a rustic merrymaking in honor of the eve of the "Fourth." A fiddle was heard from an upper room, and we had scarcely stopped before a couple of youths, in holiday attire, stepped to the carriage, offering to help us to alight, "presuming the ladies had come to the dance." Being informed of their mistake, they were very civil, apologized, and expressed their regrets. "They had hoped the ladies were coming to the ball." We thanked them, but were on our way to —. They bowed and withdrew, apparently rather disappointed at the loss of a whole carriage full of merry-makers, whom they had come out to receive with so much alacrity. Dancing was going on vigorously within; the dry, ear-piercing scrape of a miserable violin was heard playing Zip Coon, accompanied by a shrill boyish voice, half screaming, half singing out his orders: "Gents forward!"—"Ladies same!"—"Alla-maine left!"—"Sachay all!"—"Swing to your partners!"—"Fling your ladies opposite!"—"Prummena-a-de awl!" The directions were obeyed with great energy and alacrity; for the scraping on the floor equalled the scraping on the violin, and the house fairly shook with the general movement.—*Miss Cooper's Rural Hours.*

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BAKER & SCRIBNER have in press to be shortly published: Professor Boyd's Edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, 1 vol. 8vo. A Domestic History

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BORN has reprinted Pickering's History of the Races of Man, the recently published 4to. of the Exploring Expedition, with the portraits, in his Illustrated Library for 5s. Aristotle's Ethics, translated by the Rev. R. W. Brown, and the concluding volume of Junius, are the respective new issues of the Classical and Standard Libraries. Bangs, Brother & Co. are the agents for these publications in this city.

The publication of the neat 8vo. reprint of the separate treatises of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana has reached its tenth volume—which embraces Part I. of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, ancient Philosophy, by the Rev. F. D. Maurice. The previous issue was the "History of Greek Literature, by Talfourd, Bp. Bloomfield, and others.

The new number of the North British Review contains articles on Penderennis; The Literary Profession; Wordsworth; Tennyson; the Trial of Professor Webster.

An edition of Longfellow's "Voices of the Night," illustrated by a lady, has been published in London at 10s. 6d.

The third series of Southey's Common Place-Book has just been issued, comprising Analytical Readings in History, Memoirs, Biography, Travels, &c., &c.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 10TH TO THE 24TH AUG.

Bright (John E.).—A Treatise on the Law of Husband and Wife as regards Property. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1237 (Banks, Gould & Co.).
Colton (Rev. Walter).—Three Years' in California. Downing (A. J.).—The Horticulturist and Journal of Rural Art and Rural Taste. 8vo. pp. 48 (Albany, L. Tucker: N. Y., M. H. Newman & Co.).
Disturnell (J.).—Railroad, Steamboat, and Telegraph Book. 12mo. pp. 103 (J. Disturnell).
De Quincy (Thomas).—Confessions of an Opium Eater. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 272 (Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields).
De Vere (Aubrey).—Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 335 (Phila.: A. Hart).
Ellis (Mrs.).—Morning Call. Parts 9, 10, 11, and 12 (John Tallis & Co.).
Fleetwood (Rev. J.).—The Life of Christ; with the Lives of the Apostles and Evangelists. Parts 3 and 4. 4to. (Tallis, Willoughby & Co.).
Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences. Edited by W. H. Ranking, M.D. (Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston).
Hunt (Leigh).—The Autobiography of; with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 625 (Harper & Bros.).
Irving (W.).—Collected Works. Vol. XIV.—Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada. 12mo. pp. 548 (George P. Putnam).
Journal of the Franklin Institute, August, 1850. Pp. 144.
Lorgnette (The). Second edition. Illustrated by Darley. 12mo. pp. 204 (Stringer & Townsend).
Martin (R. Montgomery).—The British Colonies; their History, Extent, Condition, and Resources. Parts 7–10 (John Tallis & Co.).
Miles (Rev. Geo. D., A.M.).—Memoir of Ellen May Woodward. 12mo. pp. 174 (Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston).
New Englander (The). Vol. 8, No. 3. August, 1850. (New Haven: J. B. Carrington).
Paget (John).—Hungary and Transylvania; with Remarks on their Condition, Social, Political, and Economical. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 648 (Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard).
Shakespeare's Complete Works. Edited by J. O. Halliwell. Illustrated by H. Warren, E. Corbould, &c. Part 2. 8vo. pp. 32 (Tallis, Willoughby & Co.).
Seaworthy (Gregory).—The Nag's Head; or, a Season among "The Bankers." A Tale of Sea Shore Life. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 180 (Philadelphia: A. Hart).
Southworth (Emma D. E. Nevitt).—The Deserter's Wife. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 176 (D. Appleton & Co.).
Smith (John Pye).—The Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 400 (Philadelphia: Robt. F. Peterson).
Shakespeare (Dramatic Works of). No. 21. King Henry V. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.).

Southern Literary Messenger for August. 8vo. pp. 64 (Richmond: Macfarlane & Ferguson).

Stephens (Henry, F.R.S.E.).—The Farmer's Guide to Scientific and Practical Agriculture. 8vo. pp. 64, Nos. 5 and 6 (L. Scott & Co.).

Wilson (John).—A Treatise on English Punctuation; with an Appendix containing a list of Abbreviations, Hints on Proof-Reading, &c. 12mo. pp. 204 (Boston: John Wilson).

Ware (John, M.D.).—Hints to Young Men, on the true relation of the Sexes. (Boston: Tappan, Whittemore & Mason).

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND FROM THE 29TH JUNE TO THE 14TH JULY.

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On the Evening of the same day Messrs. Holbrooke & Co.'s consignment of superb Engravings will be sold.

On Wednesday Morning, September 18th,

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At the conclusion of the above Sale,

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The regular Stationery Sale will be commenced with Mr. Arthur Morrell's consignment of BLANK BOOKS, which is very large, and continued in the order of the Catalogue.

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